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# THE NEW REPUBLIC

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**If the oil-rich states don't mind their manners, the US is going to be very, very angry**

## Thou Shalt Not Raise Prices

*The Editors*

**Ford Settles In** — *John Osborne*

**Tough Turkey** — *Stanley Karnow*

**Summer Soldiers** — *Andrew Hamilton*

**Haig the Con Man** — *Walter Pincus*

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# TRB

from Washington
October 5, 1974

## Looming Depression

One of the worst disasters in the history of mankind is now slowly taking shape before the horrified eyes of official observers. It is the fate of about one billion people, the forgotten billion, who are at the population base of the underdeveloped countries; they are the innocent bystanders in the gathering battle between the oil-exporting countries and the oil-importing countries.

In the past week President Ford and Secretary Kissinger began to talk tough to the oil–exporting countries. They have reason for alarm, for the price of petroleum has quadrupled in the past two years and it is one of the principal causes for world inflation. Possibly even more serious than inflation is the glut of undistributed capital amassed by the oil exporters. It threatens a breakdown in the international banking system: a breakdown possibly like the '30s. The world has never seen anything like this before: one group of nations, mostly Arab, with the ability and nerve to raise almost at will the price of a key industrial requirement, and another group of nations, the vastly richer industrial countries, churning around among themselves, wondering what to do. In such a struggle who cares about the third element in the drama, the loincloth beggars of global society, the poor people of the poorest countries, who find that everything they need to survive is scarcer and dearer.

Until the last minute, Washington believed that Saudi Arabia would somehow persuade its allies to halt their demands and even reduce oil prices, but instead they raised them. In a coordinated countermove, President Ford and Secretary Kissinger and Treasury Secretary Simon began their warnings, though clearly aware that their leverage is limited. So it happened that the odor of oil was strong at Mr. Ford's climactic economic "summit" meeting here, and at the weekend gathering of the World Bank and foreign ministers.

Nobody can fail to see the threat in Mr. Ford's comment at the energy conference at Detroit: "Sovereign nations cannot allow their policies to be dictated, or their fate decided, by artificial rigging and distortion of world commodity markets." At the United Nations Kissinger urged "a global strategy for food and energy" to avoid "disaster for every nation."

But what do "sovereign nations" do? The oil producers, the 13-nation Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), show little anxiety over a confrontation with the American-led 12-member Energy Coordinating Group (ECG). This is the 20th century. A century ago a big power wouldn't have thought twice about taking oil from a little country if it needed it, but things are different today—that is, they probably are different.

There is irony in the situation. The industrial countries always took the backward oil sheikdoms for granted; the price of oil was absurdly low; nobody did any planning and it was assumed by all but a few crackpot professors that petroleum was an inexhaustible raw resource, God-given especially for Detroit's behemoth chariots.

Things have changed. And if you are tempted to sympathize with the sheiks, consider how close we are to world depression. A barrel of oil cost $3 in mid-1973 and $11.65 today by the manipulations of the cartel. The OPEC countries received $15 billion from oil in 1972, $25 billion in 1973, and will get about $80 billion this year. In five more years the World Bank says they may have accumulated $650 billion, and in 10 years $1.2 trillion. David Rockefeller says that this glut of capital is already too big for the private banking system to deal with and that it can be handled only by governments.

The prospect becomes terrifying when it is put in context with the other forces pushing the well-to-do countries to recession. Watching Mr. Ford's grand extravaganza of a "summit" last week we have all had a crash course in economics. The man who is supposed to summarize it and analyze it, and pull it all together for the eager President, is Paul McCracken, economist of the University of Michigan. He is somebody to watch. He is five-feet-five, alert, mildly conservative, with a sense of humor and, when the academic year ends, he may well replace Alan Greenspan as Mr. Ford's top economic adviser.

In most of the industrialized countries people today are demanding to know why their governments don't halt inflation, and why leaders don't cut back foreign imports. Nationalism is the twin brother of recession. In England the stock market hits a 16-year low. Consumer spending plans in America are being cut back. And that final cruel paradox of hard times is beginning to appear, the failure of the constituent elements of capitalism to meet: people want homes, carpenters want to build homes, a nation needs homes, but credit is too tight to let the system work.

A crisis atmosphere is developing in Washington, directed in part at OPEC. Saudi Arabia's oil minister Ahmed Zaki al-Yamani says that he sees an approaching "major world recession," but a majority of OPEC raises prices just the same: the cost of goods they import has gone up (inflation, you know) so they must charge more too. Who can bother to think of the world's poorest people at a time like this? Why Bob McNamara, head of the World Bank.

In the midst of our self-pity he reminds us and the bank that economic upheavals "of a magnitude previously associated only with major wars and depressions" have forced a billion of the world's poorest people to face a "desperate" future. They are the marginal men; not only does rice cost more but rich countries that used to throw them a pittance now hold back.

"Almost every element in the current economic situation has worked to their disadvantage," McNamara says. Must the forward momentum of these backward countries, with World Bank concessionary assistance, now be lost?

Maybe it had to come. Overpopulation and all that. But McNamara insists: "Hundreds of millions of individuals barely surviving on the margin of life, living under conditions so degraded by disease, illiteracy, malnutrition and squalor as to deny them the basic human necessities; a condition of life so degrading as to insult human dignity—and yet a condition of life so common as to be the lot of 40 percent of the peoples of the developing countries." He pleads for more aid, denying that they are the expendables in world recession.

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# Thou Shalt Not Raise Prices

On the same day last week, President Ford, Treasury Secretary Simon and Secretary of State Kissinger—powerful and well-briefed men—described the world as teetering on the brink of an economic war that may pull down the structure of Western wealth. Although no shots may be fired, they warned, the war through its indirect impact on food production and credit arrangements may cause the death of millions and devastate national economies as effectively as did the armed battalions of World War II. Moreover, they said, this war is unnecessary, unprovoked and unforeseen even by those who have set it in motion. The aggressors in the Ford-Kissinger-Simon script are the members of OPEC, the cartel of oil-producing countries whose collusion has forced the price of foreign oil to rise to the unendurable level of $11 a barrel.

For nearly a year the United States has tried to manage the oil crisis largely by rhetoric, hoping for the best while experiencing the worst. Simon and Kissinger have met with OPEC leaders, and particularly with Saudi Arabian officials, to persuade them to lower prices or at least refrain from raising them further. In this they have failed. Since the end of the oil embargo this spring, OPEC has passed on two new price increases, and last week in Vienna OPEC announced that in the future prices may go up at regular intervals to keep pace with inflation in the West. Secretary Kissinger has quietly sought a "defensive" alliance of oil consuming nations that he hopes will present a counterforce to OPEC. This low-key policy hasn't worked, won't work, and may be coming to an end. On September 20 the 12 large oil consuming countries (minus France) tentatively committed themselves to an oil-sharing pact to be invoked in the event of any future oil embargoes. (Norway is expected to drop out because she doesn't want to be obliged to share her North Sea oil wealth.) The pact, if approved by the individual governments (that will be a while, it hasn't yet been submitted to the US Congress) would automatically allow a member country to draw upon a common oil pool any time its imports drop below some agreed-upon level.

President Ford and Kissinger have now raised their criticism of the oil producers to an angrier pitch, and if words could harm the producers they would already be hurting. Kissinger remarked last week that the high cost of oil "is caused by deliberate decisions to restrict production and maintain an artificial price." The President, more ominously, said that, "Throughout history nations have gone to war

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over natural advantages such as water, or food, or convenient passages on land or sea." Although conciliatory phrases were added, the tone was harsh. And yet the drumbeat was for show; it was not the advance rumble of a counteroffensive that is on the march or even well along in the planning stage, and those with oil to sell probably know it.

Consider what it would mean were the thundering "thou-shalt-nots" to be translated into effective action. What would an economic war with OPEC entail? Several obstacles block a successful boycott by major oil consumers, the foremost being the skeptical and skittish French government. France has stayed away from all negotiations of the oil consumers' alliance since February, and there's little hope that she will change course now and join a boycott or some other threat directed at the Persian Gulf. The latest speculation has it that a counteroffensive by oil consumers might require in graduated steps 1) a refusal to allow OPEC countries to make large investments in the West, 2) dramatically raising the price of, and perhaps embargoing, arms to the oil states in the Mideast and 3) an agreement by the US, Western Europe and Japan not to purchase OPEC oil if the price does not come down. Not one of these decisions is likely to be made. France imports 83 percent of its oil from the Mideast and sells billions of dollars worth of armaments in return. The members of the defensive pact would have to find some compelling new arguments to make France cooperate, or add her name to the enemies list. At the moment no such prospect is in sight. Nor is it to be forgotten that two of the biggest oil producers—Iran and Saudi Arabia—now have on order $2.1 billion worth of arms from the US.

Even if the obstacles to cooperation among the industrialized nations were removed, the problem at home would remain: recession. The foreign oil producers may continue to raise prices as they have promised they will, or they may respond to the threat of boycott with a cutback in production as they did last winter. In either case their decision will play havoc with oil-dependent economies, particularly those of small countries (Italy, Britain, Japan) and poor countries (India, Pakistan, Bangladesh). The corresponding impact in the United States, given present policies, will be higher inflation, fewer jobs and a decline in industrial output.

It is in large part because the government believes Americans will not tolerate sacrifice that it has not proposed an oil boycott or a reduction in purchases from OPEC. If the government dare not resist pressures at home, how can it stand up to pressures abroad? No one suggests that the United States simply tell OPEC that its price is too high and cease to buy oil; that alone would accomplish nothing. It is equally unprofitable to rely on exhortation to accomplish what Washington is not willing to attempt by direct action. The oil countries, hearing themselves described as belligerents and famine-producers, are not going to see the logic of voluntarily taking a cut in income. That is a dream; the sooner recognized as such the better.

There's another way to get at this problem that hasn't been given a fair test by the government since the beginning of the oil shortage last fall: large-scale economic and industrial allocation of scarce resources, undertaken simultaneously with mandated wage and price controls. An obvious first step is to cut back unnecessary oil consumption in this country, something that will not be done by lecturing. A second step yet to be taken is an overhaul of the tax laws to redirect consumption and to make allowances for the discriminatory burdens of inflation. It became clear last week that the Ford administration, through indifference, has lost the chance of getting a mass transit bill through Congress this year. A bill providing $11 billion for new transit systems and $800 million in emergency relief for those already operating is now considered dead. The White House did not try to save it. That is the reality that robs "Project Independence" of much of its meaning. All signs indicate that the private use of automobiles in America is rapidly becoming a threat to the health of the economy—not to mention the health of people—and that mass transit must take on a larger share of transporting us. Car manufacture consumes millions of tons of steel (and how much energy?) each year that could be used more efficiently in railroads, buses and the construction of basic industries (including refineries). Had the government begun a crash program to convert some auto-building capacity to bus-making capacity during the embargo last fall, the outlook would be less gloomy today. But nothing has changed. Addressing a group of mass transit officials on September 9, President Ford told his listeners that under his administration there would be "realistic restraints on federal aid to transportation," and that "the car will be with us for a long, long time." Well yes, but in these numbers and in these sizes and used as indiscriminately as automobiles now are?

For a brief period last winter the government experimented with an alternative approach to the oil crisis: reduced consumption. People were told, ordered, to drive at 50 miles an hour, gas stations were closed on Sundays, thermostats were turned back. The experiment was short-lived. Our leaders turned from lecturing Americans to lecturing Arabs. In the first week of September more gasoline was used than in the same week a year ago. Again, the government is preoccupied with increasing, not reducing and allocating supply, a policy that plays directly into the hands of the OPEC cartel. Until this country learns to make do with less oil, and use what it can get more intelligently, its words of advice to the Persian Gulf countries will not carry much weight.

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# Rockefeller on the Stand

The quizzing of Nelson Rockefeller about his personal fortune is understandable. Everybody, including senators, is interested in money and the more money the more interest. The fact that someone as rich as Mr. Rockefeller probably knows no more about the details of his investments (that is left to highly paid hired hands) than do his interrogators is irrelevant. Given a chance to take a peek at the gold in Fort Knox, who would not take it?

The agents of government do not often get a chance to cross-examine a Rockefeller. One of the few times in the past was when Nelson Rockefeller's father faced the Industrial Relations Commission in 1915. Walter Lippmann described that exchange in *The New Republic*. John D., Jr., he wrote, "met what he knew to be his accusors with the weary and dogged good humor of a child trying to do a sum it doesn't understand for a teacher who will not relent." But the amazing part of that testimony to Lippmann was Mr. Rockefeller's "intellectual helplessness . . . There was never anybody less imperial in tone . . . no sign of the statesman, no quality of leadership in large affairs, just a careful, plodding, essentially uninteresting person who justifies himself with simple moralities and small scale virtues." That was not an indictment, nor is it an inexact description of the son. For the senatorial hearings last week did more than satisfy our natural curiosity about what Sen. Robert Byrd, in awe, called "the great wealth of the nominee and his family." The questions and answers gave us a clearer, though not altogether flattering, picture of both Nelson Rockefeller and the senators.

There was no evident intention on either side to get too near the bottom of anything. It was enough to skate across the thin ice of generalities. Mr. Rockefeller extolled free enterprise; "it's a great system," he said. Sen. Byrd, with less reason for ardor, had to agree. "Yes sir, no problem," said Mr. Rockefeller, when asked if he could "separate the interests of big business from the national interest when they differ." Perhaps Sen. Byrd thought that the man before him might have said he *did* have a problem distinguishing between the two. And then, when the nominee was asked whether it might not be wise to limit the CIAs counter-revolutionary interference in the politics of other countries, Mr. Rockefeller said no, because "sad as that may be," there are "gray areas that exist among nations," and "we have to defend our national security." It would have been unthinkable to dispute that proposition. But the specific reference here was to Chile, and nobody asked Mr. Rockefeller if there might not have been some confusion by the CIA in that instance between the American national interest and the interest of American business investment. Nor was Rockefeller queried about his support of the war in Vietnam. How could he be, by men whose support was equally unqualified and who were more responsible than he for the war's continuing as long as it did.

After this Ping-Pong match has been played to the end, Mr. Rockefeller will be confirmed, as he should be. The President has made his choice; he could have chosen far worse. Mr. Rockefeller's passion for art is matched by a passion for public service. He is a gentleman, if not a scholar. He longs to be useful; he will be useful. Of how many other third generation products of immense wealth can that be said?

# Kennedy's Decision

Sen. Kennedy hasn't said he won't run for President. He has said he won't run in 1976. As he told his friend Mayor Daley of Chicago, "We won't be going—this time." It was "the right decision from both his own point of view and that of his party," as *The Washington Post* said the following day, and since it had been so widely thought that Kennedy could have the Democratic nomination for the asking, it is remarkable how little regret has been expressed at his declining it. For political writers, his decision may encourage less inhibited comment. The senator can be henceforth complimented without the compliments being interpreted as a covert bid for a future invitation to dinner at the White House, and he can be criticized without the criticisms being taken as a sly endorsement of some other Democrat.

Like Nelson Rockefeller, Sen. Kennedy has a family name that is magical, and a taste in picking advisers and the means to indulge it. Like Mr. Rockefeller, he also has stamina and affability. But he has something else—an alertness to what troubles the voters and a keen sense of when and how to express his concerns. He keeps in touch with the public and the press by being neither too far ahead nor too far behind. He is thus carried forward by public opinion and in turn helps to carry that opinion forward. We expect from him, as he expects for himself, a large and continuing influence in politics.

Before his withdrawal, it had been said that no Democrat could be nominated in '76 if Mr. Kennedy strongly opposed that nomination. If that is still true, and if Mr. Kennedy's influence is used on behalf of party unity, Sen. Jackson's chances for the nomination are impaired. For Mr. Jackson's Cold War foreign and military policies are automatic dividers. Sen. Mondale appears to be more in the Kennedy line of thought. It is far too early, however, to say anything definite about Democratic leadership for 1976, other than that none has made its presence unmistakably felt. Between now and this November's elections, attention will inevitably focus on Sens. Jackson, Mondale and Bentsen as they travel the country campaigning for House and

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Senate candidates and speaking their minds on various subjects. Thereafter additional names will come forward from among the November victors—governors such as Askew of Florida and Gilligan of Ohio, should they win impressively, along with such Senate candidates as Bumpers of Arkansas and Glenn of Ohio. Then, next year, the jockeying over primaries will begin. Rep. Morris Udall and others will have their opportunities. And if the newer faces fail to attract and hold the public, Sens. Muskie, Bayh and McGovern (if the latter two win reelection)—and of course also Eugene McCarthy, the dissident Democrat—will still be around.

## Presidential Powers

Last July 31 the House Armed Services Committee routinely approved a bill to extend for four years the President's emergency powers as outlined in the Federal Civil Defense Act. The committee vote was 20 to three, taken after 30 minutes of talk and three pages of testimony from a Civil Defense official. It was expected that the House would routinely rubber stamp the measure. Then, surprisingly, the House Rules Committee voted seven to five to postpone indefinitely bringing the measure to the floor. That vote was the result of lobbying by a curious combination including the American Civil Liberties Union, Americans for Democratic Action, Liberty Lobby and American Conservative Union. Coordinating the opposition was Rep. Les Aspin (D, Wisc.).

The Federal Civil Defense Act dates to 1950, and its not-so-controversial features continue as law, those permitting federal financial assistance and manpower to states and cities struck by such disasters as floods or tornadoes. But last June 30 other emergency power features of the act expired, and it was those powers that the House Armed Services Committee, prodded by the Pentagon and its army of public affairs officers, would have renewed until June 30, 1978. Under the provisions of the proposed legislation, Gerald Ford, if he believed that an attack on the US was threatened, would have been empowered to freeze all bank accounts, close all stock exchanges and regulate security prices, seize all private property and sell, lease or lend it as he saw fit (private property holders would have had no appeal or compensation), impose total censorship on the press, control farms and food processing facilities, freeze wages and restrict the movement of workers from one job to another and suspend judicial review of civil actions.

The closeness of the Rules vote indicates that Congress still is prone to look favorably on most legislation asked for by the military and on legislation delegating extreme authority to the White House.

# A British Wealth Tax

Many Englishmen believe that "fairness" is a uniquely English concept—"fair play" and all that. Of course it all depends on what you mean by "fair," but any society in which class divisions are so evident, in which privilege is still so obvious and in which wealth and income are still so heavily concentrated in the hands of a few, and a hereditary few at that, as is the case in Britain must seem to many people uniquely unfair.

Now Denis Healey, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Harold Wilson's minority government, has proposed a tax on wealth, whose purpose is "part of a wider intention to make Britain a fairer place to live in." The proposal underlines the argument that the only ultimate ideological difference between the two major British political parties lies in the attitude each takes toward economic and social equality.

Healey's Tory predecessor, Anthony Barber, made large cuts in personal taxation as soon as he came to power in 1970, and concentrated these cuts in both percentage and absolute terms on the higher incomes. Now Mr. Healey opens his so-called green paper (a discussion document to precede the government white paper containing the details of the tax bill) with the declaration, "The Government is committed to use the taxation system to promote greater social and economic equality. This requires a redistribution of wealth as well as income. Thoroughgoing reforms are needed in the taxation of capital. . . . It is the Government's intention to introduce a wealth tax as one element in the necessary reforms."

Taxing wealth, as distinct from income, is not a new idea. In Britain we have had estate duties, that is taxes on inheritance, since the start of the century; taxes on capital gains, both short-term and long-term, for more than a decade; taxes on transactions in or transfers of capital; and taxes on the income from capital at a higher rate than on unearned income. For a number of years we even enjoyed a tax on the notional rent of an owner-occupied house.

But all these taxes are on wealth in action, on wealth when it changes hands or changes in value. They are like the old army rule: "if it moves, salute it, or shoot it." Both Tories and Socialists have chosen to shoot it. But only the Socialists (and some of the wilder young men in the Liberal party) want to shoot it when it's a sitting duck! Most Tories want to salute it still.

Most, but not all. At the same time as the Chancellor's green paper, two Oxford economists, both radical Tories, published a pamphlet (*Why We Need a Wealth Tax* by J. S. Flemming and I. M. D. Little) that advocates a steeply progressive tax on accumulated (and therefore largely inherited) wealth, in order to make it easier for people to amass wealth. They resolve this paradox by wishing to substitute a tax on wealth for the higher rates of tax on high earned incomes, and for taxes on

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capital gains. They hope to increase the incentive to earn, and to save and accumulate, especially among the middle range of income earners. They want to shoot some capitalists in order to breed a finer, sturdier and more numerous race.

The Healey proposals do not go that far. They start from the view that the burden of personal taxation should be distributed as fairly as possible in accordance with the ability to pay. Income alone does not accurately measure that ability. A man's capital must clearly be included in his total command over resources, in the financial basis of his standard of living, and hence in his ability to forego some personal consumption in making his contribution toward the financing of social consumption.

But wealth is in very few hands. The data are not good, but most (unofficial) estimates suggest that the wealthiest one percent of the adult population owns between one-quarter and one-third of total identified wealth. Indeed one estimate suggests there are not fewer than 1600 worth a million pounds, and some 50 worth more than 10 million pounds each. While the top one percent owns say 30 percent of the total, and the top 10 percent owns about 70 percent, the bottom 90 percent owns a mere 30 percent. And about one-half the adult population has no net wealth at all.

Even so the trend is toward greater equality. Before World War I, the top one percent owned about 70 percent of the total; in the '20s about 60 percent, in the '30s over 50 percent, and even in the '50s over 40 percent. But this owes little to taxes on capital (the main one of which was death duties), which together take only just over one-half of one percent of capital each year. The main reason lies in the composition of personal wealth. One-third consists of houses, which have appreciated enormously, and which matter most to those with the least. Shares (common stocks) amount to about one-fifth of the total, have taken a fearful beating in the last 10 years, and matter most to those with the most. Inflation has been a great redistributor. Now it's Denis Healey's turn.

The arithmetic of his discussion document suggests a progressive tax rate, starting at one percent on wealth of 100,000 pounds and rising to either 2.5 or five percent above five million pounds. Such a tax would affect fewer than one percent of the adult population, and raise between 200 million and 425 million pounds.

There are many unresolved issues. Should husband and wife be taxed separately or together? What about minors? These are questions of social policy that do not require an immediate answer. More immediate questions exist. What assets will be included? Certainly owner-occupied houses, since to exempt them "would be unfair to those wealthy people who live in rented accommodation." On the other hand, a reasonable amount of domestic and household goods for personal use and enjoyment and not, except incidentally, with a view to resale should be excluded.

Companies as such will not be taxed, but only those stocks and shares in the hands of wealthy shareholders. But what about farms and family businesses? Clearly these cannot be exempted since they would become a wonderful escape route (even more than estates which are partially exempt from death duties already are). But how can landowners or owners of rural businesses with low incomes pay the tax without breaking up the parcel of assets that constitute the enterprise? There are various possibilities—deferment until death or sale-to-and-rent-back-from a state land owning agency.

What about that mysterious entity, coyly described in the green paper as "The National Heritage" *i.e.* "works of art and collections of books, manuscripts or other objects of national, scientific, historic or artistic importance?" What about "those stately homes" so beloved of American tourists? More precisely, what about their contents? Clearly they cannot be wholly exempt, nor would one want to risk the collections being split up (and ruined?) in order to pay an annual levy. Officials say that they "intend to ensure that the tax does not lead to the dispersal of the national heritage and that instead our heritage becomes more readily available to the public generally." Thus stately homes or private art galleries opened to the public may be treated more generously or even exempted.

There are valuation problems. Some assets are regularly traded and hence have a market price. Others will have to be valued by the owner, but the tax authorities might have the option to purchase at the owner's valuation if they wished to challenge his calculations.

All these problems will have to be resolved after the election if Harold Wilson wins on October 10. If he loses I doubt whether we shall hear much of these proposals for some time. For a wealth tax is unlike any other tax. The revenue cannot be used to finance government spending on men or materials without adding to total demand, since the tax will seldom be paid by cutting down personal spending. It will most normally be paid by turning capital into cash and that cash will usually come out of savings and not from cutting down one's standard of living. In other words the tax is a purely socialist tax, an equalizer. As the green paper grandiloquently concludes, "The fundamental purpose of the wealth tax is to make the distribution of the tax burden accord more closely with taxable capacities and thereby contribute to the creation of a more equitable society in which social divisions characterized by differences of wealth are reduced, and in which social and economic power created by the possession of wealth, is less concentrated than at present." Of course it may take some time.

**Roger Opie**

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## White House Watch

# Settling In

In the seventh week of Gerald Ford's presidency his second press secretary and third spokesman—a deputy press secretary filled the gap between the first and second unfortunates who held the full title—thought it necessary to say to White House reporters: "It's a Ford White House now and it's not a Nixon White House."

This was beginning to be true but it still was not entirely true when Ronald H. (Ron) Nessen, aged 40, a former UPI and NBC correspondent, said it at his first briefing in the White House press room on September 24. Four days, a weekend and a speaking trip to Detroit had intervened since Mr. Ford, obviously embarrassed, had introduced Nessen to the White House press corps as the successor to the President's first press secretary and friend of a quarter century, Jerry terHorst, who quit in protest against the Nixon pardon just before it was announced on September 8. In different words but in much the same way that terHorst had done, Nessen had gone through the ritual at his introduction on September 28 of saying that "I will never knowingly lie to the White House press corps" and "I will never knowingly mislead the White House press corps." "Lie" may be too strong a term for what all official spokesmen have to do at times. But Nessen presumably knew and most of his hearers in the press room surely knew that he would be misleading them by omission if not by explicit statement now and again.

Doubters are invited to compare the impression of a smooth and friendly transition that terHorst conveyed during his 30 days as press secretary with his account in the syndicated column that he began to write after he quit of "frictions" between Ford assistants and "the ongoing Nixon staff under General Alexander Haig." Reporters learned from terHorst only in his column and after he resigned that Mr. Ford in early September was "spending an inordinate amount of time soothing his own loyalists and placating the sensitive feelings of Haig." There was nothing wrong, understand, with Press Secretary terHorst's withholding knowledge that terHorst the columnist was free to disclose and exploit. My point is simply that the numerous reporters and commentators, including some of the best in the business, who went practically ape over the "open" Ford White House that they thought terHorst bespoke and personified forgot that the controlling function of White House press secretaries and other official spokesmen is not to tell the truth. It is to put the best possible appearance upon what their principals do and say and, if necessary in the course of that endeavor, to conceal the truth. What my brethren in the White House press room were really celebrating, during the halcyon interlude that ended with the pardon of Richard Nixon, was the departure of Mr. Nixon and the quaint illusion that concealment and deception departed with him.

The occasion for Ron Nessen's statement that "it's a Ford White House now" was the announcement that Mr. Ford had chosen a successor to General Haig, the holdover chief of the White House staff who had been appointed commander of US military forces in Europe and had been accepted as the supreme commander of all NATO forces. An inventory appears elsewhere in this issue of the reasons why some people think that the restoration of General Haig to active military duty with four-star rank and his assignment to the European commands are as wrong as some of the things that he did for Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger unquestionably were. I hold that the good he did outweighs the bad. I hope that he is allowed to return in peace and with honor to the service from which Mr. Nixon recalled him on May 4, 1973, to repair and run the White House system that had been eroded by the evils of Watergate and shattered by the resignations of H. R. Haldeman and John D. Ehrlichman.

My further interest here is not in the merits of the Haig assignment but in how it came about when it did and in what it tells us about Mr. Ford and his administration. Haig's departure and the choice of his successor tell us, first and above all, that Mr. Ford is indeed settling into his presidency and, after a judiciously slow start, is on the way to making it his White House and "not a Nixon White House." It doesn't necessarily follow, though, that the Ford White House will be as different in method and in actual inward style from the Nixon White House as the President, his spokesmen and the coterie of assistants who think of themselves as peculiarly his men would have the country believe.

One of Mr. Ford's criteria in choosing a successor to Haig was that the new man have White House experience. The new man who was chosen, NATO Ambassador and former Congressman Donald Rumsfeld, had four years of Nixon White House experience. After Mr. Nixon persuaded him to retire from Congress and head up the Office of Economic Opportunity in 1969, Rumsfeld doubled and was paid as an assistant to the President and spent approximately half his time in a West Wing office at the White House. He later was a full-time counsellor to the President and, when he was director of the Cost of Living Council, he continued to regard himself and to be regarded at the White House as a Nixon assistant. It was this experience, rather than Don Rumsfeld's earlier association with and support of Representative Ford in Republican factional battles in Congress, that principally caused President Ford to insist that Rumsfeld take a job that he'd recently been saying he'd never take. Rumsfeld preferred either to retain his ambassadorship in Brussels or to head a major federal department. He wanted an assignment with a political future and White House staff positions, however exalted, seldom offer that.

The formal announcement said that Rumsfeld was

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to be "an Assistant to the President with Cabinet rank and with responsibility for the coordination of White House operations." It didn't say and Nessen, elaborating orally, refused to say that Rumsfeld was to be the President's chief of staff. The avoidance of the term was both deliberate and illusory. Why this is so brings us to why General Haig's reassignment and replacement were arranged a good deal sooner than President Ford had intended. The departure fitted in with Haig's desire to return to military duty and his feeling, fervently expressed, that failure to return him to it because of his "political" service would be unjust and wrong. But the initiative was Mr. Ford's.

As long ago as last March, when Vice President Ford was already thinking seriously and specifically about what he'd do when and if he became President, he foresaw that one of his difficulties was likely to be the relationship between Haig and Robert Hartmann, a former journalist who had worked for Representative and Minority Leader Ford in Congress and was the chief of his vice presidential staff. Ford had concluded, and thought Hartmann had agreed, that running the White House staff would be beyond him. The reality of submission to the quiet but rather imperious Haig proved to be more than Hartmann could stand, even though he was made a White House counsellor and accorded every sign of continued favor. Unlike the reclusive Mr. Nixon, President Ford dealt directly with Hartmann and other senior assistants. But Mr. Ford expected them to keep Haig informed of what they were doing and expected Haig to keep the President informed of how they were getting along with their assignments. The situation irritated some of the Ford people and was intolerable to Hartmann. Alone among the senior assistants, he refused to attend Haig's staff meetings. He planted news stories to the effect that Haig was obstructing the President's wishes in petty ways and was protecting the interests of such Nixon activists as Patrick Buchanan. Soon after Mr. Ford became President, he ordered his senior assistants to stop their bickering and get on with the job of remaking the presidency. The admonition did little good. Mr. Ford, well aware of where the potting at Haig was coming from, put up with it and finally decided that the general, whom he continued to esteem and value, had to go. Ron Nessen, amplifying the announcement of Rumsfeld's appointment, said that "Don is going to have the coordinative and administrative functions that General Haig had" and that he would, among other duties, "control the President's time." In short the President understood that he had to have an effective chief of staff. Rumsfeld was expected to fill the need without the title.

The pressures affected Haig in unpleasant ways. Hitherto notable for his calm and utter confidence in himself and in the rightness of what he had done and was doing for his successive Presidents, Nixon and Ford, he grew defensive. In interviews both for quotation and off the record, he sought to disassociate himself from his sometime patron and benefactor, Richard Nixon. "I never was a Nixonite," he told Peter Lisagor of the *Chicago Daily News*. This and similar remarks didn't make pretty talk, coming from a soldier who during his first four years at the Nixon White House was promoted from colonel to four-star general and appointed vice chief of staff of the army and, in his final year of civilian service, was a fierce and willing advocate of the Nixon cause. It was time for Haig to go and, all else aside, going was a good thing for him. In a way that no other staff change could, his going symbolized the gradual transformation of the White House. But the Nixon connection remains. It is strong and visible and it will be the subject of another piece.

**John Osborne**

## The State of the Organized Reserves

# Summer Soldiers

## by Andrew Hamilton

On Easter Sunday 1974, Jim Ryan of Falls Church, Virginia, a 25-year-old office machines repairman and a veteran of 14 months of combat duty in Vietnam, received notice from the army to return to active duty for two weeks of summer training with a unit of the organized reserves. Like the active army, the organized reserves are nominally a volunteer force. Ryan, no volunteer, was one of 85,000 army veterans sum-

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moned this year for such training, according to figures supplied by Rep. Patricia Schroeder (D, Colo.). A like number were called last year. These veterans, most of them drafted into the military in the first instance, have found that the principle of voluntarism does not apply to them.

Of the 1974 summer call, 41,300 veterans reported to camp, the rest having been excused for one reason or another. Ryan went and was assigned to the 28th Division, Maryland-Pennsylvania National Guard, for training at Camp Pickett, Virginia, a tumbledown World War II training camp partially renovated for the reserves. Like many other Vietnam veterans, Ryan had been told while in the active army that his likelihood of being called for reserve duty was zero. But when he reported to camp in July, he found that he was one of seven Vietnam veterans in a single infantry squad. Nationwide, according to Rep. Schroeder, the army this year selected 17,888 Vietnam veterans for summer duty, compared to 7288 the previous year. Next year, unless the call-up practice is ended—and that prospect is dim—the number of Vietnam veterans is likely to be higher. The purpose of the recalls, the army said in a letter to Ryan and other veterans, was to bring organized reserve units to full strength once a year "so they can conduct meaningful training and testing . . . You can rest assured that you will be an important and valuable asset to the unit to which you are assigned since, in most cases, you have a great deal more active duty experience and training than the regularly assigned unit members."

Afterward Ryan found it hard to decide whether he was more disgusted by his unexpected recall than by the unprofessional scene in which he found himself. The training was carried out in casual fashion; the unit lacked discipline; some of the jeeps had beer coolers strapped to them as if for a weekend outing; and the officers looked on in silent resignation. "When you said 'no' to them," Ryan related, "they just said 'OK.' That unit wouldn't last a week in the bush."

The readiness of the army reserves is a perennial joke in the military establishment. Many units fulfill obsolete functions, and it is hard to imagine the reserves ever being fully mobilized and deployed overseas. The last such occasion was World War II. They are becoming costlier; in 1964, $1.8 billion; now they cost five billion dollars.

The individual reserve, about 1.4 million strong, consists for the most part of veterans who, by law, are subject to immediate recall to active duty until five years have elapsed since the date each was inducted into the armed forces. They belong to no unit, do not drill and (unless called to active duty) cost the taxpayer nothing.

The problems and the costs of the reserves are associated with the selected reserve, which includes about 925,000 individuals who have volunteered for duty, are usually assigned to a unit, drill regularly, and draw pay and retirement credit. The army reserve and the army national guard, with more than 600,000 "paid drill" members between them, make up about two-thirds of the selected reserve; the remainder is distributed among reserve components of the air force, navy and marine corps.

An army study quoted by a recent House Appropriations Committee report recently concluded that the most significant cause of delay in deploying combat-ready reserve units after mobilization is the failure to man them at full strength before mobilization. But the existing manpower gap—the difference between authorized strength and actual strength—will be costly, if not impossible to fill. During the Vietnam war as many as 100,000 men were on waiting lists to volunteer for a six-year tour with the selected reserve and thus avoid the draft. Now the waiting list is a small fraction of that number. As the draft-induced volunteers begin to leave the reserves, replacements are hard to find. About 30 percent of new volunteers fall into the lowest aptitude and educational categories acceptable to the armed forces. The reserves are also accepting men in the 40-60 age bracket who would be eligible to retire or be unqualified for service if mobilized. Efforts to recruit younger veterans in large numbers have been disappointing. More than 80,000 of the 711,000 billets in the army reserve and army national guard are unfilled, which explains the annual recall of veterans like Ryan.

Manpower problems aside, army national guard officials have estimated that it would cost another three billion dollars to equip fully all their units. Army reserve units also have serious equipment shortages. Most of the units in the two army reserve components, as a result, are assigned the army's lowest readiness rating (C-4, or not ready). It has been estimated that it would take a year or more to supply each mobilized reserve unit with modern equipment.

Even if fully manned and equipped, the reserves would still be regarded by professional military men—and by many reservists—as of low quality. A key problem is a lack of discipline. "I would be afraid to go to war with the men in my unit," one reservist said recently. "I wouldn't want to rely on them at all." Most of the current enlisted members of the selected

**COMING:** Theodore Draper on the moral muddle-headedness of Noam Chomsky

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reserve joined to escape the draft and continue with their education or careers. Most of these men—many with twice the education of their superiors—are contemptuous of military life, and their officers. Weekend drills are considered farcical. Stories are told of men who only appear to check in, check out and draw pay; during training sessions many go home for the day, or go shopping, or watch television. A navy reservist aboard a "training" flight to Spain discovered that the flight mechanic—the man who had prepared the aircraft for the flight—had been up all night on a binge before reporting to duty and was still drunk. The aircraft was forced to land in Bermuda because the crew had forgotten to take on enough fuel for a transatlantic flight.

A recent Brookings Institution study of the reserves notes that during World War II and the Korean war, a year or more of preparation was required before army reserve and national guard divisions were sent overseas. New army divisions were created from scratch in approximately the same time. Today, according to the study, the army plans to give up to 14 weeks of additional training to reserve divisions after they are mobilized; deployment in most cases would not come for four to six months after mobilization. Yet many planners believe even these optimistic deployment schedules are inadequate, arguing that the critical need for reinforcements would come much sooner. In the most serious, if least likely, contingency—a war in Europe—the critical need for reinforcements is said to lie in the first 30 to 90 days. Of the selected reserve ground forces, only the highly regarded marine corps reserve division is thought to be able to meet this requirement.

There is no lack of studies on how to improve the reserves. There is the "total force study" headed by army official Eckhard Bennewitz, and the Brookings study. The Bennewitz study, which has not been released, is reported to call for a cut of up to 150,000 men. The Brookings study recommends a radical reduction and reform of the reserves that would eliminate 310,000 reservists and 60,000 active duty personnel, and save about $1.4 billion a year. Some reserve units would be eliminated, others reduced to cadre units, others merged with the active forces, creating "hybridized" divisions consisting of two-thirds active and one-third reserve units. Among the more curious specialized units unearthed by the Brookings report are 53 "civil affairs" units, 166 "information" or "public information" units, 30 "psychological operations" units, 12 "military history" units and 1248 "training" units. The civil affairs units, with 7000 men, are meant to govern occupied territories. There is little need for them now, a point on which Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger agrees. Schlesinger did not wait for the Bennewitz report to recommend eliminating 48,000 reserve billets this year, including most of the civil affairs units. Congress rejected the proposal.

The chief obstacle to reforming the reserves is not managerial but political. Cuts in the manpower or structure of the organized reserves threaten a nationwide network of reserve units that have an amazing political vitality. The strength of the organized reserve lobby derives from some 5000 armories and reserve depots around the country. But they are more than just another kind of lodge, furnished with the latest in military equipment. Along with the American Legion and the war memorial they are the local symbols of patriotism. With the advent of the all-professional military after 34 years of the draft, they are the sole heirs of the citizen-soldier tradition that began with the Minutemen. To this, a cynic might add, not the least of their charm in many communities lies in the fact that they are places where on a weekend, lawyers, real estate dealers, insurance agents, automobile salesmen, merchants, barbers and mechanics can take their places in a clearly demarked hierarchy and, by donning a uniform, become leaders of men (on an average pay, for officers, of $50 a day).

Among the members of this fraternity are 106 members of Congress, including seven of 15 members of the Senate Armed Services Committee, five of 12 members of the House defense appropriations subcommittee and generous representation on other congressional bodies concerned with reserve affairs. Last year a federal district court ruled that members of congress were barred by the incompatibility clause of the Constitution from holding a reserve commission in the armed forces. Last June 25 the Supreme Court reversed this ruling on technical grounds, dismissing the plaintiffs' standing to sue.

Five billion dollars a year is an excessive price for sentiment. In fairness to Congress, some influential conservative members have begun to express doubts. During hearings on the fiscal 1975 defense budget, Rep. George Mahon (D, Tex.), chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, commented: "These are our programs. We have lofty objectives and we seek to improve the situation—and there have been many improvements but we still have a long way to go. Too often I think perhaps we have reserve units that would not be too meaningful from the standpoint of readiness."

And in fairness to the organized reserves, its leaders recognize the merits of much of the current criticism. But the current word on Capitol Hill is that the Armed Services and Appropriations Committees are unlikely to accept any cuts in the authorized strength of the selected reserve. The most that can be hoped for may be congressional support for the conversion of some existing units to new missions. No end is in sight to the summer call-up of veterans for involuntary service.

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## Premier Ecevit's Perspective on Cyprus

# Tough Turkey

## by Stanley Karnow

*Ankara*

It seems paradoxical that Turkey's invasion of Cyprus, the first war this complex country has waged since it became a republic more than a half-century ago, should have been undertaken by Bulent Ecevit. For Ecevit, who has yet to consolidate his authority since he recently emerged as premier following a turbulent period of army rule, is hardly a belligerent figure. On the contrary, he is a quiet, earnest intellectual who writes poetry and has translated such poets as Eliot and Ezra Pound, and he hopes to steer Turkey toward a sort of Scandinavian social democracy. While conceding that the war has strengthened his popularity because of its appeal to Turkish chauvinism, he nonetheless denies any desire to wear the laurels of a "national hero," contending instead that his political career ought to repose on his "communion with the people." Sitting in his large office under a huge portrait of Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, whose mantle he has inherited, Ecevit speaks in measured tones as he stresses his intention to modernize Turkey, as Ataturk tried to do, through long-range social and economic programs.

With all this, however, the evidence is clear that Ecevit not only directed the Turkish thrust into Cyprus in July and ordered his troops to expand their control over the island a few weeks later, stubbornly defying rather weak American and British remonstrances in the process, but he currently shows no signs of adopting a softer stance toward the Greeks, his foes in the crisis. Thus he may be a reluctant hawk, but in my view he was seeking an opportunity to bear down on his Greek adversaries, even though by doing so he courted the risk of upsetting the equilibrium of the eastern Mediterranean.

Consider, in the first place, that Turkey and Greece were on a collision course months ago over the question of oil rights in the Aegean Sea. The Greeks, whose easternmost islands lie within spitting distance of the Turkish shore, believed that the Aegean was their lake, and they had on that basis been awarding drilling concessions to foreign firms. But late last year, in a challenge to the Greek theory, the Turks encouraged other companies to explore areas claimed by Greece, and that move touched off a sequence of alarums and excursions. In the spring, ignoring a Greek protest, the Turks sent two bomber aircraft out on target practice over the central Aegean without permission from either Greece or the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, to which both nations belonged. After the Greeks retaliated by withdrawing from a NATO naval exercise, the Turks put a survey ship into the region to test Greek reactions further. The Greeks threatened to sink the vessel, but finally backed away, leaving the Turks with the impression that Greece, then governed by an inept junta, was too feeble to menace Turkey in the event of a showdown. Therefore, months before the Cyprus affair erupted, the Turks were already estimating the solidarity of the Greek regime in the expectation that a confrontation might be in the offing, and consequently, when the crisis came, they knew that the junta was as flimsy as a house of cards.

Turkish receptivity to an external adventure was undoubtedly reinforced by the fact that Ecevit's government was, at the time, far from solid. Unable to win a majority in the elections last fall, Ecevit had formed a bizarre coalition with a crude religious party, and their relationship was wobbly. It foundered when Ecevit, circumventing the Parliament, pushed a bill through the Supreme Court granting amnesty to political dissenters imprisoned by the army. His government toppled as a result, and at this writing, he is working to create a new caretaker coalition that will prepare for elections. Hence the Cyprus crisis, while not originally of his making, offered him a chance to bolster himself against his parliamentary rivals. And, I think, Ecevit must have calculated as well that he had to act tough in order to convince the Turkish military establishment, which wields considerable political influence and which had doubts about him, that he was worthy of support.

The Turks also felt less constrained to submit to American sway, for a couple of reasons. They bitterly remembered an episode that occurred in June 1964, when during an earlier roil over Cyprus, Lyndon Johnson warned them in his blunt manner that the United States would drop them if they invaded the island, as they were planning to do. They desisted, but the "Johnson letter," as it has come to be known here, was taken by the Turks as an affront of the highest magnitude, and they were determined not to be humiliated again. Although they have remained within the Western Alliance, they have improved their ties to the Soviet Union—so much so that during the Middle East war last fall they permitted the Russians to fly over their territory en route to Egypt but refused to allow American supplies destined for Israel to pass through

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Turkish bases. So, when the latest Cyprus crisis broke out, the Turks were ready to resist American pressure, and at one point in the affair, as I will elaborate below, they even pulled a reverse of the Johnson tactic and warned that they would drop the United States if Washington attempted to lean on them heavily.

It should be added that the Cyprus business has revealed some deep-rooted traits of the Turks. One, which I have tried to emphasize in other articles from this region, is their attitude that they cannot, for the sake of their own self-respect, surrender to the Greeks. This attitude stems in part at least from their resentment over the fact that while the Greeks are fully included in the Western community they, because of their Islamic heritage, their marginal geographic location and their terrifying historical reputation, are not totally accepted as Europeans. Their real or imaginary sense of remoteness is aggravated, too, by their awareness that they are an unknown quantity in comparison to the Greeks, who have migrated far and wide and who, as Ecevit put it the other day, can muster votes in New York and London. Their perception of how others relate them to the Greeks is, rightly or wrongly, all the more galling to the Turks because, with a population of nearly 40 million, they are more than four times bigger than Greece, and as they insist with a certain amount of justification, their democratic institutions are far more stable.

At the same time that they argue their case, however, the Turks fall back on the theme that nobody understands them anyway and that their concern for world opinion is futile. So, they say, they intend to go their own way without regard for their image, and I suspect that this feeling that they had nothing to lose explains to a large extent why they pushed ahead in Cyprus despite American and British efforts to dissuade them. A senior Turkish army officer capsulized the feeling: "The world would have hated us even if we had fired roses instead of bullets."

Given this background—and there may be other elements that elude me—it seems that the diplomatic efforts by the Turks to avert military involvement in Cyprus were halfhearted at best, and perhaps even deliberately designed to meet with failure so that their invasion could be carried through. The key question here, then, is whether the United States could have behaved more forcefully than it did to prevent the Turkish drive. Looking back at the series of events, it strikes me that Secretary of State Kissinger had occasions in which he might have tempered the Turks. These occasions were lost, presumably because he was unwilling to gamble on the possibility that the American military installations in Turkey, which include an airfield, a naval base and an assortment of intelligence operations, could have been jeopardized. Thus this crisis, like so many others, again demonstrates the degree to which the United States can, because of its obsession with military real estate, be manipulated or at least outmaneuvered by a client. Much of this has come out in the talks I have had with Turkish officials and Western diplomats here within the past few days.

According to every source I have seen, Ecevit had pretty much decided to launch an invasion of Cyprus within a day after the ouster on July 15 of Archbishop Makarios and his replacement as president of the island by Nicos Sampson. For not only was Sampson known to have personally killed a number of Turkish Cypriots but, in Ecevit's eyes, his elevation as a stooge of the Athens junta signified that Cyprus would be united to Greece, and that was intolerable. My sources submit that Ecevit might have been deterred from military action or perhaps delayed had the United States quickly disavowed Sampson and called for a return to the *status quo ante*. But the State Department spokesman issued an even-handed statement on the subject, and it was interpreted by the Turks to mean that the United States accepted the situation. Ecevit therefore ordered the Turkish army to prepare for landings, yet anxious to give diplomacy a chance, he flew to London on July 17 to sound out the British, who along with Greece and Turkey were guarantors of the 1960 treaty that created an independent Cyprus.

In London he presented British foreign secretary James Callaghan with four proposals: that Sampson be removed, that the 650 Greek officers who had led the coup d'état against Makarios be sent back to Greece, that Cyprus be given a new federal system respectful of Turkish Cypriot rights, and that negotiations to create such a system begin immediately between Glafkos Clerides, the Greek Cypriot leader, and Rauf Denktash, his Turkish counterpart. According to my informants, the wind could probably have been taken out of Ecevit's sails, at least temporarily, by a British pledge to persuade the Athens regime to withdraw the Greek officers from Cyprus. But Callaghan stalled, evidently to await the American Undersecretary of State Joseph Sisco, then arriving from Washington. The proposals were put to Sisco. He promised to communicate them to the junta in Athens and deliver an answer to Ecevit in Ankara later in the week. But Sisco ran into two snags. The Greek junta, theoretically commanded by Gen. Demetrios Ioannides, had virtually evaporated, and Sisco squandered precious time as he searched for someone of authority in Athens;

Associate editor Stanley Karnow returns this week from the Mediterranean and will write further reports on what he learned.

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and when he did find somebody all he could obtain was an offer to replace rather than pull out the Greek officers in Cyprus. Sisco carried this offer to Ankara on the afternoon of July 19, and, when Ecevit predictably rejected it as inadequate, he went back to Athens to persuade the Greeks to do better. They refused, and he returned to Ankara the same night to plead with Ecevit to give him another 48 hours. Backing up his envoy, Kissinger meanwhile had 11 separate telephone conversations with Ecevit, but to no avail. At four o'clock on Saturday morning, Ecevit instructed the Turkish forces lying off the coast of Cyrpus to land in what the Turks now refer to as "phase one" of their operation.

Reconstructing the discussions that went on during that frantic day, one of Ecevit's close associates disclosed to me that the Turkish premier advised Kissinger against the kind of pressure Lyndon Johnson had exerted in 1964 and warned him that such a tactic would mean the permanent "loss" of Turkey to the Western Alliance. By that, the associate explained, Ecevit meant that Turkey would quit NATO completely if an attempt was made to stop its drive into Cyprus. This account may be overdrawn, but I gather from other sources that the Turks were in no mood to brook interference. In any case American diplomacy failed on two counts at that stage. It was unable to compel the Greek junta, despite years of pampering by the United States, to meet Ecevit's proposals with an offer that would have at least deprived him of the pretext to invade Cyprus. And it was unable to convince Ecevit, whose use of American military equipment for the invasion violated Turkey's aid agreements with the United States, to postpone the landings. That Ecevit may have really been relieved by Greek intransigence and American softness was mirrored in the remark he reportedly made to Sisco after the invasion began: "Now you have 848 hours in which to find a solution."

American commanders who observed the performance of their Turkish allies in Cyprus must have been appalled. The Turks sank one of their own ships, their paratroop drops were badly off target, and their coordination was so poor that they had to cancel a landing on the eastern shore of the island that was scheduled to coincide with their north coast invasion. Nor was their offensive on Cyprus easily accomplished. By the end of the month, when they begrudgingly agreed with the new Greek civilian government to a ceasefire, they had only managed to open a precarious corridor from Kyrenia to Nicosia, and that uncomfortable position would largely contribute to their conduct during the negotiations that began on August 8 in Geneva.

The Turks went to Geneva in sweet-and-sour style, carrying a proposal for a solution to the Cyprus problem but making it clear that rejection of their suggestions would provoke renewed military action on the island. As they tell it, they passed on their proposals privately through the British foreign secretary, James Callaghan, in order to spare the Greeks from having to respond publicly. Their initial idea was for a federal system under which the Turkish Cypriots, who comprise 18 percent of the island's population, would have separate administration in a zone covering 38 percent of Cyprus. When the Greeks spurned that, the Turks came back with a plan for a cantonal system, under which the Turkish Cypriots would occupy several areas. The Greeks considered this even worse. They asked for a 36-hour adjournment of the conference, and Callaghan, perceiving that the meeting might collapse, urged the Turks to be "generous." American diplomats, backed up by telephone calls from Kissinger, also counseled flexibility. Once again, however, the United States not only refrained from putting any real pressure on Turkey, but by issuing a statement gratuitously expressing support for greater autonomy for the Turkish Cypriots, the State Department seemed to be tilting toward the Turks. Ecevit therefore rejected the Greek request for an adjournment, and with the Geneva conference in disarray, he ordered his forces on Cyprus to take the offensive, and within a matter of days they held 40 percent of the island, the area they now control.

Turkish officials here say that "phase two," as the offensive started in the middle of August is called, was undertaken because their forces considered their military position to have been insecure. That was probably true in part. But Ecevit's foreign affairs adviser, Haluk Ulman, submits more plausibly that the real reason for the push was diplomatic. In the first place, he told me the other day, the Turks wanted to improve their bargaining posture, and consequently they were simply adhering to the thesis that they could not win at the conference table what they had not won on the battlefield. Secondly, and in my estimation more significantly, they feared that the United States might shift its stance during the Geneva meeting and apply strong leverage to prevent them from a second military drive. This apprehension was fueled by the fact that the British, who maintain sovereign bases on Cyprus, reinforced them with a battalion of Gurkhas and also sent in a squadron of Phantom jets to help a contingent of United Nations troops defend the Nicosia airport against possible Turkish attack. Ulman's explanation, I think, undermines the official American argument that the United States could not halt the Turks. It indicates as well that Kissinger may have miscalculated the effect of the pressure he could have applied on Turkey.

The Turks now assert that their military actions are finished and that they are prepared to negotiate seriously with the Greeks. As I understand it, they have been warned by the United States that a move to take over the entire island would prompt the Ford administration to stop American military aid, which amounts

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to $150 million per year. [Last week the House voted to cut off military aid to Turkey until "substantial progress" has been made to effect a Cyprus agreement. *The Editors*] But many diplomats here envisage situations that might lead the Turks to actions less dramatic than a complete occupation of Cyprus but nevertheless brutal. One possibility is that they may inflict severe reprisals against the Greek Cypriot population for attacks against the Turks by Greek Cypriot terrorists or guerrillas.

Ecevit is sticking to the same formula his representatives put forth in Geneva in August: Cyprus must be divided between Greek and Turkish Cypriot zones, with the Turks getting roughly one-third of the island. The Turkish zone would be the richer northern part now occupied by Turkish troops, and it would include, according to Ecevit, the port of Famagusta, which with its skyscraper hotels resembles a miniature Miami Beach. Since the Turkish Cypriot population is insufficient to fill this region, the Turks talk about migration from Turkey, citing the dubious statistic that some 250,000 Turks of Cypriot origin who have settled in Turkey since the 1920s could be transferred to the island. Turkish officials here strenuously rebuff the idea that, if their proposal for federal structure fails to carry, Turkey might annex the northern sector of the island. They point out that such a move would automatically incorporate a part of Cyprus into NATO and thereby offend the Russians. That, among other reasons, is why Cyprus is so important. Like Taiwan, it is intrinsically an inconsequential bit of terrain, but its location has made it disproportionately vital to the international scene, and thus its future transcends its own problems of ethnic harmony.

There is much more to say about Turkey than its preoccupation with Cyprus. It has a thriving economy, and despite generals in the wings, its commitment to democracy is genuine. But the Cyprus issue is the main topic of conversation here, and I have focused on it at length because, within the context of the current crisis, it illustrates the dilemma of a major power like the United States when confronted by choices. To contend, as Kissinger has in respect to this situation, that America is no longer the world's policeman is a facile but hollow argument, especially when he did not shy away from intervention in Chile and continues to bulwark the regime in Saigon. Therefore, in my opinion, the real question is not whether the United States plays a role in the world, but its judgment in deciding what role it will play in what area. In this instance, I believe, it made the wrong decision for the wrong motive, and for that reason, I would venture to predict, we have not heard the end of the Cyprus business and its implications for this corner of the globe.

## A Con Man for Europe?

# Alexander Haig

## by Walter Pincus

Critics of Gen. Alexander Haig, Jr. have asked Sen. John Stennis to hold hearings before his Armed Services Committee on the former White House staff chief's appointment by President Ford to be supreme allied commander in Europe. The NATO post, unlike that of army chief of staff which Haig turned down, does not require Senate confirmation—at least that is what Department of Defense lawyers have ruled. But this is a major appointment, and if there are doubts they should be exposed to the light and dispelled or validated. A Senate committee hearing would give Haig an opportunity to answer questions about the role he has played in the Nixon White House.

If such hearings ever come about, the senators who would cross-examine the general had better bone up on their man. Three earlier Haig appearances—before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the Nixon so-called "national security" wiretaps, before Judge John Sirica's inquiry into the missing and erased White House tapes, and at the trial of Daniel Ellsberg—show that Haig has a highly selective and disciplined memory and is adroit at devising a version of events that, in those instances, neatly served the Nixon administration by providing less than the whole truth.

On July 30, 1974 Haig testified under oath before Sen. Fulbright's committee. With not much enthusiasm, the committee had agreed to look into Henry Kissinger's part in the 1969-1971 wiretapping of White

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House aides, government officials and newsmen. The day of Haig's appearance, the House Judiciary Committee gave final approval to the three impeachment articles, one of which referred to wiretapping as an example of Mr. Nixon's abuse of power. After reviewing more than 100 FBI wiretap reports that had been sent to the White House, the committee majority found the wiretapping had been used to gain domestic political intelligence and not merely information relevant to national security. Haig said he had no individual responsibility for the wiretaps: "I never viewed myself as anything but an extension of Dr. Kissinger . . . I would never presume to do anything in this area that I had not discussed with him or had specific authority for."

FBI records list Haig as the requestor of taps on 12 of the 17 individuals concerned. In 10 of these cases Haig is recorded as citing the "highest authority" as the initiator. When asked by the Senate committee whether that meant the President, Haig fudged, perhaps aware of the House Judiciary Committee's accusation and the implications of that in any possible impeachment trial. He said he only received orders to tap four individuals directly from the President on one occasion, May 2, 1970, at the time of the Cambodian invasion. Haig gratuitously added that he believed that Kissinger was with the President "or had just left him" when Mr. Nixon called. Haig also testified that "all other names that I ever conveyed were names given to me by Henry." He was just the errand boy.

When the senators got down to specific names, Haig again danced away from responsibility. The first four who had been tapped were National Security Council staff members Morton Halperin, Daniel Davidson and Helmut Sonnenfeldt, along with Gen. Robert E. Pursley of the Pentagon. Though Haig is listed on the records as the one who brought the four names to the FBI on May 10, 1969, Haig said he "did not consider that I was bringing any names over then. I was confirming a program that had already been approved at the highest level by the Director [J. Edgar Hoover] . . . I think quite frankly those names came from the Director because they expressed, they represented his concern regarding a number of people on Henry's staff." That statement is supported both by Kissinger and, to a degree, by other facts. FBI records turned up by Fulbright investigators showed the Halperin tap began May 9, 1969—three days before the Attorney General authorized the tap and one day before Haig is supposed to have asked for it. Where the new Haig/Kissinger version of events gets thin is when it comes to Gen. Pursley. Haig and Kissinger knew Pursley was aware of the secret Cambodian bombing. Hoover was not. So Pursley was substituted by Haig, and the FBI records confirm that. The fourth man Hoover originally wanted to tap, London *Sunday Times* correspondent Henry Brandon, was subsequently tapped beginning May 29, 1969. And though Haig's name was on the request for that tap, as well as one initiated two months later on then White House speechwriter William Safire, Haig swore he did not ask for them. "They are . . . puzzling to me," he testified.

Both Haig and Kissinger blanked out on the May 13, 1970 taps on the phones of Anthony Lake and Winston Lord, Kissinger's past and present personal assistants. Kissinger said he did not remember requesting them and Haig, who is listed in the FBI records as bringing the names to the bureau, also could not recall doing so—but he added that if he had, Kissinger would have given him the names.

Haig also was asked why the taps on Lake and Halperin were kept on well after they had left government and were working for Democratic candidates. Brandon's tap also lasted almost the entire 21 months of the program. The House Judiciary Committee noted that 32 Hoover reports on Brandon went to the White House, that they reported on "the personal life of [Brandon] and others, and on the activities, both personal and political, of persons in Congress." Haig explained that Hoover had suspicions about Brandon and that Brandon was "prolific." Asked whether "prolific" meant Brandon was dealing with leaks of information, Haig implicated Hoover by saying the former FBI director "felt these were significant reports." To Haig, however, "some of them were hardly that." So if errors had been committed, it was Henry's fault—or Hoover's.

According to former FBI Assistant Director William Sullivan, Haig came to the bureau on eight or more occasions to read wiretap logs before they went to the White House. Haig was asked by the senators whether anyone, other than Mr. Hoover, might be using the taps for political information. Haig responded with an example designed to close off the questioning. He recalled being called to the bureau by an "excited" Sullivan to look at a specific report. "I felt it did not involve a national security matter but rather a criminal matter, and I told Henry about it. I suppose that could have been used effectively. It has not been. And that was a very inviting thing to do if you were thinking in terms of partisan exploitation. It has never been divulged, but it was a fairly significant thing and would be even today. I am sure a report went to the President on that because I felt that the bureau savored it."

That answer, implying that some Democrat had been overheard plotting a criminal act (though the information was never used—why not?) was enough to still any further questions on that subject. Haig was never asked what the tap involved. A recent check with the House Judiciary Committee, which had access to all FBI reports from the same wiretap program, failed to turn up any indication that such a report of "a criminal matter" was ever made.

The senators pressed Haig about his role in a 1969 Nixon White House effort to counter facts in an up-

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coming Clark Clifford *Life* magazine article which was learned of through the tap on Halperin's home phone. A White House memo at that time suggested Haig be contacted to get a "preliminary scheme" put together. Haig said he was not "aware of that use of this information." Haig was not asked why that particular memo, as supplied by the White House to the Senate Watergate Committee, had been doctored so as to exclude any reference to him.

Haig's testimony differed in several respects from Kissinger's. The most interesting difference was over the question of what national security value was derived from the taps on Halperin and Lake when they were working for Democratic candidates. Kissinger testified he received no reports after May 1970 except for one involving a still-employed assistant. Haig, on the other hand, said he had an "impression" that Kissinger *had* learned something, but he cautioned, "I cannot speak for Henry. . . ."

Haig's involvement in the tapping program, now that the impeachment issue has been shelved, needs clarification, as well as another aspect of his activities stemming from that program.

In April 1973, Haig, then army vice chief of staff, appeared in uniform at the trial of Daniel Ellsberg. He was to counter the testimony of Halperin, who had appeared on behalf of Ellsberg. Outstanding at the time of Haig's appearance was the trial judge's order that the government turn over any wiretaps on Ellsberg and those of his consultants, of whom Halperin was one. Haig had not only reviewed the Halperin tap when he, Haig, was on Kissinger's staff, but he also was probably aware of Ellsberg's calls picked up from the tapped Halperin phone. Furthermore the Halperin tap at that time had to have been on his mind. Just two months earlier, in February 1973, *Time* magazine published a report on the tapping program, which the White House falsely denied. One month later the taps were again front-page news when acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray was asked about them in his confirmation hearing.

On the stand at the Ellsberg trial, Haig coolly attempted to discredit Halperin's prior testimony by stating the former NSC aide never had access to the most sensitive information on the Vietnam negotiations. This was not the first time Haig had shown interest in the Ellsberg case. In December 1971 he sent a memo to Ehrlichman citing information he had received that Ellsberg planned to use his trial as a political event. Haig wondered "if it wouldn't be the better part of wisdom to seek to have the trial delayed until after November" and the presidential election.

During Judge Sirica's inquiry on December 5 and 6, 1973 into the missing White House tapes and the 18-minute gap on the conversation between Mr. Nixon and Mr. Haldeman, Haig testified on how the tapes had been handled. His assistant had immediate charge of their security, but Haig controlled the key to the vault. Haig's initial testimony supported stories put forward on how the erasure took place. At first, under friendly questioning from White House lawyer Leonard Garment, Haig recalled that he learned of Rose Mary Woods' "accidental" erasure around midday, October 1, 1973. In later cross-examination Haig changed his story: the accident "probably occurred during the morning" of October 1. Testimony from technicians proved that the machine that did the erasure did not reach Miss Woods until the early afternoon of October 1, thus throwing Haig's testimony in doubt.

How much was Haig involved in efforts to keep the tapes from becoming public? And in what way were his actions just "an extension of Richard Nixon"? Less than a month after Haig replaced Haldeman as White House chief of staff, Haig, according to a June 4, 1973 White House tape, was urging the President to attack former White House counsel John Dean, calling Dean a "son-of-a-bitch" and agreeing that Haldeman could handle any problem associated with the famed March 21, 1973 conversation between Dean and the President.

In late September 1973, it was Haig who arranged for Miss Woods to go to Camp David to type up transcripts of the tapes, assisted by Nixon aide Steve Bull. When Bull was unable to locate two of the subpoenaed conversations, it was Haig to whom he passed on that information.

Early the following month it was Haig who went to Sen. Stennis to ask that Stennis serve as a verifier of the tapes, in a plan that eventually led to the dismissal of Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox. Haig, according to Stennis aides, never told the Mississippi senator that any tapes were missing. In November 1973, at the height of the White House campaign to have Mr. Nixon overcome his critics by telling the "truth" with "operation candor," it was Haig who took responsibility for withholding from the President the news that there was a gap on one tape. Mr. Nixon assured GOP governors that day there were no more bombshells coming. It was also Haig who suggested to a group of congressmen that former Attorney General Elliot Richardson may have been drinking during negotiations that led up to the Cox firing. And in early 1974, it was Haig who gave Sen. Hugh Scott and others a selective version of the March 21 Nixon-Dean conversation that Haig claimed proved the President's innocence.

In 1971 then CIA Director Richard Helms asked the American people to recognize that in the case of some high-ranking government officials such as those associated with CIA, "the nation must to a degree take it on faith that we too are honorable men devoted to her service." Is Haig, too, to be taken on faith, by the Congress, by the public, by NATO? It would be better to have a full accounting from him of his past conduct. The Senate Armed Services Committee has the responsibility to order that accounting.

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# Stanley Kauffmann on films

## Lacombe Lucien

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

## The Night Porter

(Avco Embassy)

Some directors inspire hobbled confidence. You can trust them to get rather interesting ideas and to treat them with some skill, even style, but sooner or later to fumble them. Like Louis Malle. Think of the ideas he has muddled. *Zazie*, Queneau's mercurial novel that Malle transmuted to lead; *Viva Maria*, which could have been a romp but wasted Bardot and Moreau; *Murmur of the Heart*, in which he spent a whole film preparing to make an act of incest palatable, and after it was perhaps palatable, so what? His long documentary on India, of which I saw two parts and which seemed to me about the least a competent director could do on the subject.

Lately we've been hearing from France about Malle's new big success, *Lacombe Lucien*, which deals with a French youth under the German Occupation in 1944 and how, through circumstances rather than conviction, he collaborated. My hope insisted on springing. A good subject, and Malle is not devoid of ability. He is too young (b. 1932) to have experienced the war directly but old enough to have felt its effects: perhaps he could throw discriminating light on rigid moral categories.

The film opens with a nice shot. (Sympathetic color photography by Tonino Delli Colli, who has often worked with Pasolini.) A row of hospital beds with sick, weak, old people in them. The camera picks up a young man mopping, emptying slops. The camera stays with him to tell us that this is Lucien. So far, so good. Decrepitude with youth in its menial service: a serviceable social-political symbol. An oblique entrance for the protagonist: not a new device but not bad. Then a bird sings outside. Malle inserts a huge close-up of the bird so that we will *know* it's a bird and not, say, an elephant. (He loves huge close-ups, most of them superfluous.) Lucien goes to the window, looks around stealthily, takes out a slingshot and kills the bird. (Another close-up of the bird falling to the ground.) Why didn't Malle just hang a sign around Lucien's neck saying "Bad"?

After this first minute the film is seriously damaged; but it goes on for another 140 minutes. There are some good moments, because of one good performance, but the character exploration rarely deepens past that first minute and the iron-fisted irony rarely relents.

Lucien, 17, wants to join the underground in his village—not out of conviction, just to emulate someone else who has done it. He is rejected. In the nearby town where he works, he is picked up by the Vichy police for being out after curfew. They see that he is tractable, get him drunk, and pump him about the underground in his village. Arrests and tortures and deaths follow. Lucien is recruited into the German Police (composed of Frenchmen), gets his card and pistol. He has joined *something*.

In the course of his work Lucien meets a middle-aged French-German Jew, formerly the best tailor in Paris, now lying low with his old German mother and his very French daughter. Lucien, the stolid peasant, is smitten by the highly sensitive daughter, and haunts the house. The relations between him and that family are the best element in the film, principally because of the performance of Holger Lowenadler as the suave resigned tailor. Lucien and the girl become lovers. Eventually he is no longer able to protect the father, who gets shipped to a camp. Lucien, after murdering a German guard, flees with the old lady and the girl. There is a short idyll in an abandoned farmhouse. The film ends, idyllically, with the by-now trite device of superimposed terminal information—telling us of Lucien's eventual capture and execution.

A newcomer named Pierre Blaise makes his first appearance—he says it may be his last—as Lucien. He fits the role: taciturn, sullen, smoldering. A kind of mini Brando, adequate enough. But he is betrayed, as is the subject, by the script, which was written by Malle and Patrick Modiano, and by Malle's direction.

The script's idea of ruthless candor: after the girl is insulted with Jewish epithets by another woman, she confesses tearfully to Lucien that she wishes she weren't Jewish. The director's idea of "touches": in the hotel that is the headquarters of the Vichy police, small children play on the staircase while a torture victim's screams are heard from above; one of the Vichyites is a decadent aristocrat; he has a small-time film actress as a mistress; she has a huge male dog that lumbers around as a symbol of threat and sex. All the fascists are either bestial or depraved, as in Visconti's *The Damned*, a simplistic view that obscures the real danger of fascism—the appeal of many fascists.

Lowenadler, however, provides some subtlety as he gradually concedes his cultivated daughter to this young peasant boor, even begins to pity and like the boor as he sees how genuinely Lucien is enmeshed in love. Beyond that, the film is mostly cliché in character and style.

Malle has the nerve to open with an epigraph from Santayana: "Those who do not remember the past are condemned to relive it." This line would have suited Ophuls' *The Sorrow and the Pity*, an immeasurably superior film that dealt, in large part, with political/ethical/moral choices made by French people under the Occupation. Malle's film is about a frustrated boy who would have joined one side if he could have and instead joined the other, who succumbed like an unbright adolescent to trivial flattery and the inflation of petty power. What are we to learn from

*(continued on page 33)*

### Films Worth Seeing

*Amarcord.* The best Fellini since *8 1/2*. A beautiful album of characters including (presumably) his own, in his native town 40 years ago.

*Chinatown.* Roman Polanski sees a Hollywood '30s private eye with a mod eye. More flavor than mystery, but pretty well done.

*Harry and Tonto.* Adventures of a 72-year-old New Yorker seeing the US. Not often too sentimental (though he does have his cat with him), mostly moving and funny.

*The Saphead.* Buster Keaton. Made 1920, not seen since 1928. Demand that your local theater book it, along with two accompanying shorts, *Convict 13* and *The Bellboy*.

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# Literary Liaison

## H. G. Wells and Rebecca West
## by Gordon N. Ray

(Yale University Press; $7.95)

One of the most celebrated literary liaisons of the century was that of H. G. Wells and Rebecca West. Its reverberations were felt in both their lives as long as Wells lived; yet in his lifetime little ever appeared in print about their relationship.

In 1913 Wells was 46, world-famous, and veteran of a succession of sexual attachments that his second wife Jane condoned as the price of maintaining the public facade of a marriage. He had not shared Jane's bed for a decade although he had the sexual needs and morals of the proverbial rabbit. Fame had brought him numerous willing women; and he thinly fictionalized his amorous and other experiences in novels rebuked from the pulpits although eagerly scanned by acquaintances seized by the delicious fear of discovering themselves and their friends victimized in print.

Rebecca West (she had abandoned Cicily Fairfield, her prim actual name, for that of the tough heroine of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm)* was 20, pretty and staunchly feminist, with a rising reputation as a writer. After their first meetings she threw herself at Wells, and he, cautious and not yet parted from his current mistress, rejected her in a long letter that brought her to suicidal despair. More than 800 other letters followed before, during and after their life together. Rebecca West saved them all, while Wells destroyed nearly every one he received; it was Gordon Ray's useful idea after the letters turned up among Dame Rebecca's papers in the Beinecke Library at Yale to replace her side of the correspondence with his narrative while extracting from Wells' many letters. And she cooperated, filling in some of the details with her memories. The chronicle illuminates the lives and writings of both Dame Rebecca and H. G., for both drew upon the relationship. Yet one still hopes for all of those Wells letters in print themselves someday.

The affair clearly had much more impact upon Rebecca West than it did upon Wells. Whether or not she had come along, he would have located another bedmate when he needed one—and he always needed one. He claimed—perhaps correctly—that he could not write serious work without a regular release of sexual tensions. "God has no thighs," he once explained to Rebecca. But the duplicity of his Victorian domestic arrangements (Jane was always kept informed although she played the role of deceived spouse), the separate households and the time and energy needed to commute among them and maintain them, and the recurring financial demands of his public and private domiciles, as he grew older, would have drained his vitality and diverted his writing into more shallow channels no matter who the current mistress.

Wells in 1913 was already past his prime as a writer although not as a lover. When Rebecca parted from him in 1923, taking their son Anthony with her, she was a tired 30 and had published only two little-read novels, a critical study and some superior journalism. While her energies had gone largely into the struggle to make the false domesticity with Wells (whatever the intermittent raptures) work in remote suburban lodgings and lonely country houses, H. G. had strutted respectably several weekdays in London and showcase weekends at Easton Glebe with famous guests and his legitimate family. Rebecca remained isolated from a London literary scene in which, with her overflowing talents, she would have been years ahead, professionally, of where she found herself in the bleak 1920s. For her it would be a hard road back.

While it lasted, "Panther" and "Jaguar" (Wells' affectionate code for Rebecca and himself) experienced idyll as well as imbroglio. The various lairs to which they repaired were invariably dreary and depressing, and, out of fear of recognition, Wells—the flaunter of convention in his books—avoided the brighter spots when he was with her. When they were apart she could not help brooding over what she had to endure in duplicities and in disengagements from almost everything interesting going on around her. When they were together their passion briefly overwhelmed her increasing skepticism about how a basically visceral relationship could survive. Even a move to a fine new flat in London late in 1919 only delayed the inevitable. Rebecca, awkward at first in a society from which she had been excluded, felt paradoxically like "a nun who comes out of the convent into the world."

Most literary people they knew accepted the liaison without fuss just as they had always accepted Wells' false front with Jane. But doubts about the stability of the relationship remained for Rebecca, especially when after an accident and a long serious illness Wells admonished her peremptorily from afar "to get this Health of yours into order." If she were not available as a sexual vessel, she was obviously of little use to the Great Man.

When they were together again in Europe after he had begun being unfaithful to her, the increasingly crotchety H. G. treated her brutally. On their return to England a separation impended, but his letters to Rebecca shrewdly rewooed her while rationalizing their discordant life as resulting from his "drive"—a euphemism for his consuming egotism—and her need "to disentangle the rest of your life from mine." Rebecca came back. But it was never the same, and she pressed the idea of his divorce and remarriage to settle the affair once and for all, although she sensed it would not end that way. In 1923 she was ill again, and Wells became involved with a faded Austrian journalist. The rest is epilogue.

Wells found new liaisons, wrote cranky tracts in the form of novels, and for a decade interfered as much as he could with the upbringing of Anthony West. Gradually Rebecca broke loose, emotionally and professionally, once writing H. G. a letter which concluded, "I know this letter will offend you, and I grieve, for though I know you are a great humbug I also know you are a great man." Her new outlook had become possible because the year before—in 1930—she had married, settled into a happy and orderly existence, and had begun turning out the major works of her maturity. It was possible once again to be on cordial, however different, terms with Wells, who was now a wan and declining star. During the 1939-1945 war, when she was living in the

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country and H. G. in London, she took food parcels to him. He died on August 13, 1946, and Rebecca and Anthony were present at the cremation.

Afterward Rebecca wrote emotionally to H. G.'s daughter-in-law Marjorie that she had loved Wells all her life and reproached herself for not staying with him "because I think I was fairly good for him." She had been good for him in that he could hardly have satisfied his physical and intellectual needs with anyone more beautiful and more brainy. But he was not good for her, however nostalgically she revised her own history. Salving a suddenly painful conscience Rebecca had concluded to Marjorie Wells that "indeed he got on pretty well without me." And Gordon Ray agrees. But did H. G.? Perhaps as well as could be expected for someone then on the brink of old age.

Dame Rebecca was lucky. She had had her Great Man, yet extricated herself before it was too late. And now as a Great Lady of 82 she has a distinguished Wells scholar (who has also been the biographer of Thackeray and the editor of his letters) to chart, with tactful candor, the progress of a tragi-comedy that was, for her, nearly a tragedy.

**Stanley Weintraub**

STANLEY WEINTRAUB *is the author of* Whistler: A Biography *(Weybright).*

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# From the Top Down

## Ross and Tom: Two American Tragedies by John Leggett

(Simon & Schuster; $10)

The bitch-goddess success has been consistently unlucky in her acolytes, particularly if they have been writers. John Leggett's somber book examines the fate of two of them: Ross Lockridge, Jr. (*Raintree County*, 1948) and Thomas Heggen (*Mister Roberts*, 1946), both talented young writers whose first—and only—novels made them famous and rich, and both of whom, even as the royalty checks were coming in, saw themselves as written out has-beens, unable to go any farther with their talent. Ross shut himself in the garage and turned on the engine of his new Kaiser. Tom took pills and drowned in the bathtub.

These men did not know each other and, aside from having had Midwestern, middle-class backgrounds, were not at all alike. Leggett's reason for linking them is partly accidental—they were both published by the firm for which Leggett worked as an editor—and partly personal: he was their age and, like them, ambitious. Primarily, however, Leggett is interested in what he calls "the dark side of achievement," in the circumstances that clouded what had seemed such bright prospects.

The stories of Ross' and Tom's lives and deaths are neither attractive nor instructive. Those looking for a moral are advised to go elsewhere and those wanting a sermon on the destructiveness of materialism or the hollowness of success (a number of people in this book positively thrive on it) will be disappointed. *Ross and Tom*'s strength is in its clear, straightforward presentation and in its refusal to treat the two men as either victims or thwarted geniuses. Ross and Tom were sometimes bamboozled and manipulated, but they were not fools or dupes. After ardently pursuing the bitch-goddess, they were wholly unprepared for what she had to give them.

Ross had worked on *Raintree County* for seven years, and he believed his novel was unique. Some of his claims for it ("There are more *ideas* in fifty pages of *Raintree County* than in the whole of *Ulysses*, but *Raintree County* is much more readable") made people look for a clue that he was putting them on. He wasn't. He was a Hoosier go-getter, a man who had always been tops in everything: won all the prizes in high school, excelled in public speaking, got the best grades in college, etc. Any novel he wrote would of course have to be *the* novel—lengthy, profound, complex, incomparable.

Almost everyone agreed with him about one thing: *Raintree County* certainly was lengthy. Ross' troubles began when he agreed to cuts and revisions. Those made for his publisher and the BOMC gave him no special anguish, but those he made in order to get MGM's $150,000 prize for new novels did. "It's as if," he said, "I've just sold my soul to the Devil."

His first reviews were favorable, even enthusiastic, but detractors soon appeared. *Newsweek* hated *Raintree County*, comparing it to "beer slopped on a table," and *The New Yorker* not only called it a "plump turkey" but also got his name wrong, calling him Lockwood. He became involved in an ugly quarrel over money with his publishers. When he tried to write again, the result was diffuse and almost incoherent.

Tom's progress is no more enlightening. He was an intelligent, popular boy whose happy, secure home life in Fort Dodge, Iowa was wrecked in 1935 when his father's business failed and the family moved to Oklahoma City. The change in his family's fortunes hit Tom hard, and when he entered Oklahoma City University he became one of those collegiate jokesters whose pranks and repartee conceal depression and thorough discontent. OCU dismissed him after he stole the ballot box for a college-queen contest.

The pranks continued in two other colleges, but in between quips and by the time he graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1940 he had made an important discovery (in addition to alcohol): he was a gifted writer. DeWitt Wallace and World War II helped him decide what to do with his talent, the former by giving him a job on

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*Reader's Digest*, the latter by sending him to serve with the navy in the South Pacific. His naval experiences produced *Mister Roberts*, a popular novel that attracted the attention of Joshua Logan, who worked with Tom on turning the book into a play, and somewhat to Tom's surprise asked for and got credit as coauthor. The play was a great hit, but Tom had discovered a capacity for booze and drugs and, even worse, a dependence on Logan. After a failed marriage and some dismal affairs, Tom came to believe that without Logan he had no creative life.

The last third of Leggett's book is an impressive, painful description of Tom's disintegration. He became addicted to barbiturates and so blurred that his friends often thought he was drunk when he wasn't. An old flame from Minnesota turned up, a hopeless alcoholic, and Tom's efforts to help her only harmed him. Logan went on to bigger and grander projects (*South Pacific*). Tom couldn't write, stay sober, do anything.

*Ross and Tom* opens a door into a void. Why did these men take their lives? Both of them wanted to go on writing, but the projects they set out on were abortive. Leggett freights Ross with some Oedipal baggage that does not succeed in explaining why he could not write again after completing *Raintree County*. Tom's self-destructiveness must have caused many of his friends to throw up their hands and turn away from him. Leggett provides some conjectures about their suicides—fatigue, defiance of what they saw ahead—but no answers because there are none. Perhaps suicide was a way to confirm the silence they found themselves condemned to. *Ross and Tom* is an effective, disturbing book because it claims so little and yet suggests so much.

**Alan Hislop**

ALAN HISLOP *is a free-lance writer, former book review editor of* Saturday Review, *in San Francisco.*

**COMING**

*William Kennedy reviews* Something Happened, *Joseph Heller's first novel since* Catch-22.

# Paper Plantation

## Ralph Nader's Study Group Report on the Pulp and Paper Industry in Maine by William C. Osborn

(Grossman/Viking; $8.95)

Like most Nader reports, this book was first released (in May 1973) in multigraphed form by the Center for the Study of Responsive Law in Washington, priced at $10 for individuals, $15 for corporations. It received wide coverage in the Maine press: front-page stories in the dailies, two front-page stories in the *Maine Sunday Telegram* (the only statewide paper), and eight pages of excerpts, summary and commentary in *Maine Times*, the excellent weekly of news and opinion. However the story died quickly. The paper companies, the subjects under attack, didn't respond: a brilliant stroke of public relations, whether it was planned that way or was the result of failure to agree on a joint response through the Paper Industry Information Office. The combination of silence, price and lack of availability (bookstores didn't stock it, and the public library in the state capital didn't have a copy as late as last winter) resulted in minimal public impact.

Now, more than a year later, the book has been published commercially and is available in bookstores. However there is no paperback edition, and it is not being reviewed, advertised or even mentioned in the press as being available.

Too bad. It is an important book, for the state and for the nation, showing how a handful of absentee-owned corporations play a decisive role in the economics, the politics and the environment of Maine. Not perhaps so completely dominating a role as Ralph Nader claims in his introduction: "Maine is corporate country—a land of seven giant pulp and paper companies imposing a one-crop economy with a one-crop politics which exploits the water, air, soil, and people of a beautiful state." For in fact there are other crops, and other politics. Recent legislation has established a Land Use Regulation Commission and a Department of Environmental Protection, whose work the author describes with approval, although persuasively urging more vigor—and more financing. There is real movement toward cleaning up the rivers, long polluted by the log drives from forest to pulp mills and by effluent from the pulp mills toward the sea.

However the paper companies still have enough clout in Augusta to have killed off in the last session of the legislature a bill to bring under public rather than company control the public lots in the unorganized territories of the state—the great North Woods, about half the state's area, of which again about half is owned by the giants, and the other half by small wood-lot owners who supply the pulp mills under an ingenious system of market-control which Osborn describes, not unfairly, as "Pulpwood Peonage."

Osborn, an attorney who has worked widely in public-interest law groups, presents his material in an unusual order: effects first, then causes. The effects are pollution of water and air, and near-poverty for the small owners and contractors (as well as extinction of the salmon run on most rivers—potentially a valuable fishery, but just an angler's paradise). The causes are the structure and methods of the industry, the ownership of so much of the forest, only partially harvested, by a few companies that they can set their own prices to outside contractors, the resistance of the giants both to clean-up efforts and to the use of forest products for anything except pulp, and their influence on the legislature and some of the regulatory agencies ("Papering Augusta," this section is titled) which has made it possible for them to operate with such a large disregard for the common weal.

Speaking of disregard, Osborn offers a tantalizingly brief comment on "a serious shortcoming of the environmental movement—its indefensible neglect of the American worker and his working environment. . . ." I wish he had given more space to this whole knotty question of the interaction between human and natural resources. The apparent conflict between the two makes it easy for the polluters to pose a phony choice—"pickerels or payroll?"—and the environmentalists too often come out looking elitist. But perhaps that would be another book.

This book presents explicit, modest and useful recommendations at the end

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of each section, but the difficulty of progress in these matters, however, was demonstrated by the disposition of one such recommendation. It called simply for a governor's commission to study the state's forest-products industry, embodied in a bill at the last legislature. The bill's "statement of fact" obliquely recognized the Nader report:

> *Recently very serious questions have been raised regarding the operations of Maine's forest products industry. These questions merit thorough investigation. The commission established by this bill is designed as a mechanism to complete such an investigation in a fair and objective manner.*

So seemingly innocuous, the bill did not pass.

**Charles G. Bolte**

CHARLES G. BOLTE *is a writer now living in Maine.*

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# Search for Unity

## A Small Personal Voice by Doris Lessing

(Knopf; $6.95)

Though this small volume will not add materially to Doris Lessing's growing reputation, it does confirm her commitment to the moral and social functions of art and clarifies her intentions as an artist. Like the great 19th-century novelists whom she admires, she has sought in such works as *Children of Violence* to present the essential facts of her time. In the essay (1957) for which this book is named, Lessing dedicated herself to what she saw as the highest art form, the realistic novel. Realism she defined as "art which springs so vigorously and naturally from a strongly held, though not necessarily intellectually defined, view of life that it absorbs symbolism." Without departing from the essence of this definition, her novels have moved from traditional modes to fantasy and science fiction. How she has been able to utilize nonconventional forms and deal with interior experience while maintaining its public value is illustrated in her comments on her confrontation of the problem of subjectivity.

Always concerned with the relations of the individual mind and conscience to the collective, her work has consistently been a search for unity underlying the fragmentation and pain of modern life. A 1972 preface to *The Golden Notebook*, perhaps the most valuable piece in this collection, notes that Marxism once provided her a unified world view, "a world mind, a world ethic." Though she has abandoned it, she still sees it as the 20th century's major attempt to attain wholeness. Now she maintains a theory of man as microcosm: the individual is representative—"nothing we can say about ourselves is personal." So Lessing is able to tell us that she has "floated away from the personal" while producing what has been highly personal fiction, affirming the relevance of the creative energies of the unconscious as manifested in dreams, or even in madness, as in her *Briefing for a Descent into Hell*. This has been most important for a writer who had reached the limits of the traditional autobiographical novel and found a major theme in the "blocked" artist.

Though Lessing was disappointed at the failure of critics to grasp her intentions in *The Golden Notebook*, for example, which was intended to communicate as much through its structure as through its content, she is less upset by critical obtuseness than by the assumptions of much academic study of literature, that literary criticism is more engaging than literature. Espousing moral responsibility, she dislikes becoming grist for dissertation mills. What she wants is noncompetitive, sympathetic criticism rather than impersonal dissection that saps the vitality from art. Books, she feels, should be parts of their reader's lives; they should be significant experiences, but not obsessions.

Not herself a major critic, Lessing gives other writers the sort of attention she desires for herself. Her criticism reflects what she finds stimulating in their work: In a review of Vonnegut she stresses "responsibility." Discussing authors like herself, whose outlooks have been shaped by Africa (Karen Blixen, Olive Shreiner and the naturalist Paul Marais) she demonstrates how closely connected with the African landscape her quest for unity has been. Indeed the near pantheism of Marais and Shreiner is indicative of a direction in which Lessing is tending.

Although many of the 14 selections in *A Small Personal Voice* are slight, together they offer a picture of background, interests and aims of a novelist who is coming to be recognized as a major figure in modern literature. She is not a polished writer; her attitude toward Olive Shreiner's weaknesses as a craftsman may often be ours toward her. But it is not always polish that counts with the reader. "The true novel," she writes, "wrestles on the edge of understanding, lying about on all sides desperately, for every sort of experience, pressing into use every flash of intuition or correspondence, trying to fuse together the crudest of materials, and the humblest, which the higher arts can't include." What is essential in the novel to her is "an endeavor, a kind of hunger, that passionate desire for growth and understanding, which is the deepest pulse of human beings." Her concern with the humanity of literature, her intellectual honesty and her moral conviction are demonstrated in this collection.

**Henry J. Lindborg**

HENRY J. LINDBORG *writes for* American Literature, The Southern Literary Journal, Christian Century.

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# Recent, Notable Fiction

## St. Lawrence Blues
## by Marie-Claire Blais

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $7.95)

Marie-Claire Blais is a French Canadian novelist in her mid-30s, and although touted in her teens by Edmund Wilson, she is still insufficiently known here. Previous fiction, *A Season in the Life of Emmanuel* and *The Manuscripts of Pauline Archange*, demonstrated her talent for dramatizing the macabre and oppressive elements in Quebec life. Her protagonists have been abnormally and precociously sensitive: Emmanuel's season begins with his birth. Vulnerable membranes strung out on display, he is a perceiver rather than an actor.

*St. Lawrence Blues* is, refreshingly, a comedy, although a comedy about poverty, abandonment, death and political and spiritual isolation. The French title under which it was published last year, *Un Joualonais, Sa Joualonie*, is splendidly revealing. *Joual* is the French Canadian pronunciation of *cheval;* Quebec speech then, to those who deride it and its culture, is *joual*, a kind of rough beast. By the same token, however, it has a vitality "proper" French and English lack. The translation by Ralph Manheim is brilliant; we really believe the narrator's claim that "words spout from my head every second." The end of the title comes to mean something like "his horsing around," with the added spur to it that French Canadian nationalism is very much the hobby horse of the novel.

The narrator is the orphan Ti-Pit ("little hole in the ground"), a grown man, still a naif, but no dupe. Enter Eloi Papillon, windbag, self-proclaimed poet, enthusiast of Joual culture. Vainly he demands that Ti-Pit tell him his life story. Less condescendingly he insists that Ti-Pit use his real name: "Christ, take your real name out of your pocket, honor it, you're not nobody, a French Canadian and citizen of Montreal isn't nobody!" So Abraham Lemieux, the best Abraham (father of his people? plains of Abraham where Wolfe defeated Montcalm?), becomes Papillon's reluctant friend.

Among Ti-Pit's friends are Papineau, a Marxist hedonist who demands party discipline and asceticism from his family; Vincent, the curé who taught Ti-Pit "to write French like eddicated people, sentences like: Do I pity my fellow man? Yes, I pity my fellow man"; Mimi, a beautiful 17-year-old transvestite; Lison, a whore on whose body and pocket Ti-Pit takes pity; Ti-Guy, a would-be mystic dying from drugs and visions of the desert; Ti-Cul, like Ti-Pit an unadoptable orphan because he is dark-skinned, whose bloody revenge murders prompt the protest marches at the end of the book; Jacqueline Papillion, leading the National Front of Womanhood in snow shoveling. If they seem like a bunch of losers, they don't


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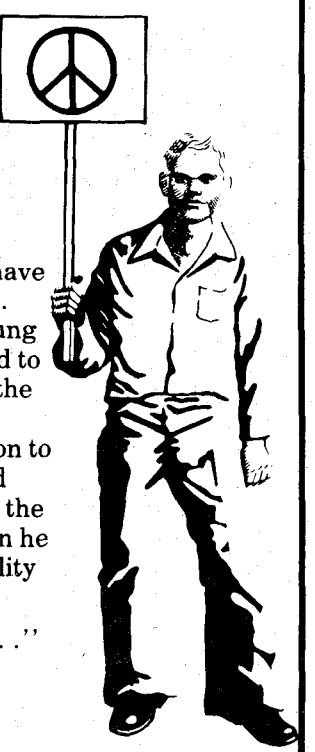

David Mark Mantell

The divisions between hawks and doves, volunteers and resisters, have not disappeared along with the headlines about the war in Vietnam. This is a study of the origins and development of two groups of young Americans—those who chose to fight in the war and those who refused to participate in it. In interviews and questionnaires the author probed the men's relationships with their families and friends, and discovered patterns of social and sexual development, academic attitudes, relation to authority figures, and reactions to stimulations involving violence and nonviolence. Without dividing them into "good" and "bad" people, the author shows that the different actions taken by the two groups of men he studied were motivated by more than a spontaneous quirk of personality or a chance encounter with a recruiting officer.

"... compelling and significant ..." *Publishers Weekly*

1974/285 pp./Cloth, $10.00
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know it.

Just as Papillon makes Ti-Pit conscious of his history and language ("I'm in love with your language"), the action of the novel is the rising to consciousness of French Canadian nationalism: an uprising. It moves cinematographically through carefully balanced scenes: a snow shovelers' strike, a garbage collectors' strike, a police strike ("Tell me, monsieur, would you still be on strike if we cut a hole in one of these shop windows?" . . . "The operation must take no more than ten minutes, we wouldn't have the self-control to watch you breaking the law any longer"); a birth and a death; ambulance victims and murder victims. The effect of frustration and horror is incremental, culminating in the protest riot of all the disaffected French Canadians—homosexuals, prostitutes, Maoists and Sisters of the Hair Shirt—in Montreal on Christmas Eve. So much for peace on earth and pity my fellow man.

I hope these lists convey some sense of the book's energy, the way events, words and people are piled on. Balancing eccentric character and bizarre event is Ti-Pit's morality; yes, he pities his fellow man. He sympathizes with Ti-Cul but won't join him and considers him a butcher. To the callous ambulance driver he works with he snaps, "shut up, you make me sick!" To Vincent he says, "what does your religion amount to? Nothing but false promises to the wretched." The big Christmas riot begins as another such promise.

Both the external action and Lemieux's dreams are haunted by themes of French Canadian despair. Poverty, false religion, orphanhood are his story. Even the climate is a traditional enemy; shoveling the snow is called "clearing the wilderness." Ti-Pit's pity becomes his only salvation, and at the end he embraces his real name and is a better man for it.

Nevertheless this act is so small, so unattended to by others, so ineffectual in altering Ti-Pit's life, that we cannot feel he's grown or even understood much. Adulthood, even normality, seems impossible. Because she conceives of French-Canadian life as stifled or deformed, Blais is stuck with a kind of infantilism in her characters for all their delightful antics: every one of them has just been born.

**Joan Joffe Hall**

JOAN JOFFE HALL *teaches English at the University of Connecticut, Stamford.*

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## Toro! Toro! Toro!
## by William Hjortsberg

(Simon & Schuster; $5.95)

Of all the words written about bullfighting there have been very few, if any, that were intentionally humorous, although some of the writing in this overcropped genre veers close to self-parody. I confess to having no particular reverence for the sport, or even interest in it, nor for that matter any great regard for bulls, whom I have found on personal observation to be surly, unpredictable beasts.

What a joy then to meet up with William Hjortsberg's farcical novel about bullfighting. Any man who would make the title of his book a punning play on the title of a major motion picture about the bombing of Pearl Harbor *(Tora! Tora! Tora!)* obviously has no reverence for higher things. For his present act of impudence bullfighting aficionados will probably wish Hjortsberg a pair of six-inch wedgies in the next running of the bulls at Pamplona.

Actually *Toro! Toro! Toro!* isn't really a satire on bullfighting. Rather it is a comic fantasy spun around some improbable characters in and about the bull ring. Given Hjortsberg's premises, his plot ratchets out with a cool deadly logic, recounted in simple deadpan prose that heightens the contrast between the normal and the increasingly mad world in the novel. The characters act sensibly by their own dim lights, but the results veer off into high anarchy.

There is, for example, El Chicote, a cowardly *novillero* who is known as "the aviator" because he spends so much time in the air. His manager, Don Pepe, foresees no *dinero* in him. Having lost his most promising boy, Arturo Madrigal, billed as the "successor to Manolete," who died in the ring, he is looking for a new racket. Arturo, incidentally, is now entombed, Valentino-like, beneath a marble sculpture of himself recumbent, the face of which is pinkened by the lipstick left over from a thousand adoring necrophiliac feminine kisses. Watching over Arturo's tomb from a distance through powerful German field glasses is his epically Oedipal mother, who avenges herself on any fair pilgrim who gets too physical with her boy's effigy. She keeps poisonous snakes.

Then there is the bullfighter, Paco Machismo, the incumbent *el número uno*, and his oversexed girlfriend, Irish pop singer Mercy Malone, who eventually pursues the prospect of happiness with el Camión, meanest bull in Spain. And Esmaralda Fabada, gypsy girl and liberated woman bullfighter who is spoiling for a chance to make the *corrida* an equal-opportunity employer. Add also Lucky Sam Wu, a Spanish Chinaman and technical genius who plants pacifying electrodes in the head of el Camión so that El Chicote doesn't have to hang up his muleta—not to mention two shady Hollywood-promoter types who have an idea for the greatest bullfight in history. Well actually not a bullfight, more of a rhinoceros fight, pitting Paco against an African beast of that species.

Hjortsberg's strengths lie in his plotting, his sketching a situation with no wasted motion, his intricate orchestration of his disparate characters into a smoothly functioning whole. The result is an almost perfect, entirely funny little book, one that is certainly perfectly funny. Instead of that thick blockbuster now galumphing its way up the best-seller list try a slim volume buoyant with imagination, and if when you reach the end it seems too short, you can turn right back to the beginning and read it through twice.

**Richard R. Lingeman**

Richard R. Lingeman *is on the editorial staff of* The New York Times Sunday Book Review.

## Good Samaritan
## by John O'Hara

(Random House; $7.95)

If a visitor from another planet picked up a few of O'Hara's books, having mastered the mysteries of English including the variants spoken by O'Hara characters in New York, Hollywood and Pennsylvania mining towns, he might conclude that sexual adventure, making money and achieving status are Americans' main preoccupations. Irish Catholics remain outside the highest places in society (a generalization President Kennedy made inoperative). Americans are given to uninhibited bursts of temper—hence their shaky marriages and unstable friendships. They are a lonely people and, in spite of their boasted sexual freedom, obsessed with the notion that they aren't loved. Their common experience is disappointment and failure.

O'Hara knew as much about failure as F. Scott Fitzgerald. The death of O'Hara's father, a doctor who had taken a beating from unwise investments, killed his chances of going to college. The disappointment cut deep and he commemorated it years afterward by wearing an imitation Phi Beta Kappa key that bore the word "Nope." During his 20s he was in and out of jobs, partly because he was quarrelsome, partly because he was a late riser addicted to the habits of café society. The aftertaste of failure stayed with O'Hara long after he had found millions of readers; we witness the "touch of disaster" not only in *Appointment in Samarra*, but in this posthumous collection of 14 stories in which suicide occurs often. "The Journey to Mount Clemens" ends with the death of an engineer roughed up in a fist battle.

A more striking example of disaster is in "Heather Hill," in which the Mischief in the Nature of Things seems at the bottom of it all. The story mixes the cynical and the romantic and shows O'Hara divided between awe of the wealthy and amusement at their pretensions. John Heatherton, owner of an estate which he operates like a medieval barony, has 12 cars, 71 pairs of shoes, an English-born butler. The butler runs a temperature over an adolescent girl, impregnates her and brings down consequences on his own head and other heads. For the girl's father, having learned that she carried on with an Englishman, assumes the first man he sees in English dress to be the villain and shoots him. O'Hara enjoys the rogues of "Heather Hill," he passes over the tragedy with a light hand, and he ends his story with a deliberate anti-climax in which the police link the shooting to the murderer's socialism.

O'Hara takes pleasure in depicting rogues but he leaves little space in his stories for men and women of conscience. Conscience *might* be implied in his remark in *Butterfield 8* that "there comes one time in a man's life, if he is unlucky and leads a full life, when he has a secret so dirty that he knows he will never get rid of it." Generally speaking, however, it is the simple fear of being found out that vexes O'Hara's

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characters. If the factory manager of "The Gentry" worries over his relations with an employee who eventually hangs herself, his eagerness to move out of town suggests a flight from scandal rather than the desire to repair a wrong. And it is fear of her gun-toting husband instead of conscience that leads the housewife of "A Man to be Trusted" to hang back temporarily when a 13-year-old boy offers to seduce her.

Adultery is the dirty secret—the obsessive theme—of O'Hara's stories. His inventiveness, his famous gift for dialogue, his ability to squeeze a whole life into 20 pages are all here. But there are weaknesses: in "Christmas Poem," for once, O'Hara is sentimental. "Noblesse Oblige" is merely an anecdote. "Tuesday's as Good as Any" suffers from ambiguity. Is it purely satire in the Sinclair Lewis vein or did O'Hara feel a twinge of compassion for the small-town bank teller who escaped stultifying routine by visits to a brothel that also became routine? The actress of "The Sun Room" dislikes lesbians but carries on a lesbian affair nevertheless, mysteriously motivated acts being her special cup of tea.

O'Hara was satisfied that he had lived in the right places and "at the right time." The fascination of watching 20th-century America touched all that he wrote and there is hardly a dead page in his work. The word for him, to paraphrase Henry James on Balzac, is vitality.

**James Walt**

JAMES WALT *teaches English at the University of Maryland.*

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# Rabbi's Odyssey

## Power Struggle by Richard L. Rubenstein

(Scribners; $7.95)

Richard L. Rubenstein first came to public attention in 1966 with the appearance of *After Auschwitz*, a new Jewish theology for the post-holocaust era. Three books later, each an attempt to apply Freudian insight to some area of religious life, he has established himself as one of the more interesting and controversial contemporary Jewish thinkers. *Power Struggle* describes the life experience behind Rubenstein's earlier theological and psychological concerns. Critical of "disembodied" theology, the autobiography constantly interweaves the stories of his personal and religious development.

Rubenstein identifies the central theme of his life as a sense of powerlessness and a compensatory quest for power. Growing up in a too-fashionable and hostile New York neighborhood during the Depression, his father unable to earn a living, his mother the dominant figure in the household, he developed a sense of personal weakness and isolation that merged with his perception of the communal Jewish situation. The rise of nazism in Germany and his own contacts with anti-Semitism in New York extended and fueled his feelings of impotence as a young man and a Jew.

His response was to aspire to omnipotence in the form of the magical power of the priestly role; the opportunity to preside over the processes of life and death seemed the nearest possible approach to controlling them. Attracted first to the Unitarian ministry as a way of escaping Jewish powerlessness without having to accept traditional Christianity, Rubenstein quickly recognized his psychic inability to deny his own origins. He entered Hebrew Union College in 1942, left when the death camps made the optimism of classical Reform Judaism untenable, and finished his rabbinic training at the Conservative Jewish Theological Seminary in 1952.

The story of Rubenstein's quest for a public role is intertwined with his account of the power struggles in his personal life. The beginnings of his marriage and its gradual disintegration; his sexual conflicts; his experimentation with Orthodox observance; his experience of fatherhood and the death of his infant son; his years as graduate student at Harvard and as congregational and Hillel rabbi are taken up in turn. Rubenstein also discusses the psychoanalysis that shaped and fed his religious development and that, by helping him to identify the moving forces of his life, finally enabled him to end his marriage and leave the rabbinate. At present Rubenstein is a professor of religion at Florida State University with no connection to the organized Jewish community. He has settled into a new career, a new marriage and a new theology, and seems ready for life's next visitation with relative peace of mind.

*Power Struggle* is impressively frank. Rubenstein recounts the break-up of his marriage and the loss of his faith without apology or embarrassment, and without demeaning the other persons whom he must necessarily discuss. Despite his occasional posturing and overdramatic prose, the book is consistently interesting, and for more than what it reveals about Rubenstein's private life. *Power Struggle* provides some wonderful glimpses inside several major American Jewish institutions. The excellent sketches of the dominant personalities in those institutions are not always sympathetic, and sometimes seem idiosyncratic, but they are observed by a clear eye and written with a sharp pen. The book is also full of important theological discussions. Rubenstein's personal chronicle easily blends into his latest thoughts on Jewish powerlessness and the Holocaust, the new Jewish rejection of powerlessness, and the possibility of Jewish paganism in the "time of the death of God."

This facility of movement from personal to philosophical reflection is one of the strengths of *Power Struggle*. Together with an uncritical Freudianism, however, it is also the source of the book's major flaws. Too often the "embodiment" of Rubenstein's theology seems simply the overpersonal simplification of great historical and religious issues. The historic powerlessness of the Jewish people becomes an extension of his own family's difficulties in Yorktown during the Depression. Political and sexual repression, powerlessness and impotence are constantly equated. The male role is to protect the female; inability to perform this role is assumed to be psychically devastating and the source of Jewish suffering and

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neurosis. The possibility of other male roles does not arise. Rubenstein's rejection of the "male sky god" reflects his own quest for omnipotence, just as his affirmation of the earth mother seems to mirror the dominant role of Sara Rubenstein in her son's youth. The double powerlessness of the Jewish woman, and its implications for what Rubenstein perceives as the devouring nature of femininity, receive no attention at all. Most difficult to accept, the complex, delicate and lonely role of the rabbi in a congregation shrinks to the claim that the congregants seek the rabbi's death in partial compensation for their own impotence—and that many rabbis know this and are willing to pay the price.

Such connections between life and thought certainly underlie any theology and are the source of Rubenstein's undeniable cogency, but the ingredients seem out of proportion. One feels not so much that Rubenstein's experiences guide him toward theological perception and argument as that the arguments are there to confirm his understanding of his experiences. Perhaps this is not surprising. Rubenstein himself suggests that the confessional elements in his theology, like his earlier choice of a rabbinic career, are motivated by a desire to control the way others see him. With time, the magic Torah of the priestly rabbi yielded to the stronger magic of the analyst, but the consuming passion has remained.

*Power Struggle* concludes with a vision of nuclear holocaust added after the Yom Kippur war. Accepting as likely the frequent rumors that the Israelis possess nuclear arms, Rubenstein draws the "mildly optimistic" conclusion that the enemies of the Jews will now refrain from carrying out their bloodiest designs, lest they themselves be caught up in a general catastrophe. We are thus left with the same consolation as that granted to another man with fantasies of omnipotence—Samson the Danite. At the very end of the tale, the personal and the national are as bound up for Rubenstein as ever—now by the vision of ultimate power. This absorbing autobiography is aptly named.

**Robert Goldenberg**
**Judith Plaskow**

ROBERT GOLDENBERG *and* JUDITH PLASKOW *teach in the department of history and literature of religion at New York University.*

# Down on Women

## Religion and Sexism edited by Rosemary Radford Ruether

(Simon & Schuster; $9.95, $3.95 paper)

"Not primarily about what women really are" but rather about how women appear in "the androcentric perspective of a male-dominated universe," *Religion and Sexism* illuminates the complex role played by the Jewish, Catholic and Protestant traditions in shaping and sanctioning the alleged suppression and denigration of women in Western culture. Though feminist critics have cast aspersion on the Adam and Eve story and on the Jewish man's prayer thanking God "for not making me a woman," few scholars of religion have brought the resources of their discipline to bear on the question of religion and sexism.

The consequences of sexist religion are suggested by Patricia Martin Doyle in a provocative opening essay. Citing Joan Erikson and Erik Erikson, she speculates that the bisexual and androgynous life characteristics of saints may be a model for a spiritually free humanity of the future. In the final entry Judith Plaskow retells the story of the outcast "evil" woman Lilith to suggest the emergence of a new creation when sexism in religion is overcome: "God and Adam were expectant and afraid the day Eve and Lilith returned to the garden, bursting with possibilities, ready to rebuild it together."

The intervening essays document a varied but never entirely relieved history of subordination and exclusion of women by the storytellers, legalists and theologians from the earliest strata of the Hebrew Bible to the 20th century's major Protestant theologian, Karl Barth. Full access to religious life and leadership and full equality in marriage were almost never accorded to women in the traditions discussed, and God himself was brought in to sanction social custom.

Equally striking are the variety of images and roles of women in the traditions. Touched on in several essays is the question of whether celibacy and the denigration of sexuality in the Catholic tradition was liberating for women. Rosemary Ruether boldly answers yes, citing "virginal feminism" as the one place in Western tradition where women were freed of the domination of husbands in patriarchal marriage. This freedom, however, was purchased at the price of denying one's female or "carnal" nature, and becoming as several church fathers so charmingly put it, "like a man." Eleanor Commo McLaughlin cites a number of "reforms" instituted in the Middle Ages that limited women's celibate life almost entirely to the cloister. McLaughlin notes that so many women sought the celibate life in the Middle Ages that the church eventually limited their numbers.

A clear pattern emerges relating attitudes toward sexuality and the freedom of women in marriage, because women symbolized sexuality for the andro-

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## *Suburban Housewife Blues*

This fact of energy
hyperkinetic light
child avidly
emptying space
(he smiles)
my hope and plight.

A prism on the ceiling:
water.
How can so much
imagination
be contained
working itself off
like a fretful horse
in the grass?

Ambivalence of shadow
invading sun:
resources untapped, run dry.
I dreamt I was "free"
awoke "free"
with his smile
surrounding me.

This is my blue period,
it dazzles
like the too bright sky.
I am between projects.
Being thirty is no joke.

I have vast beginnings
stretching behind
hallucinating:
slick excuses
for a life.

My blue period
expands
into silence.
It's only a gesture.

Through the prism
with a ballpoint pen
I scratch myself
into focus now—

There are no periods,
just lives:
young, old, his, mine
beginning always:
the warm milk on the cheek,
the monstrous seduction of another
dawn.

CAROLYN PETTIT

*CAROLYN PETTIT is a poet who has a Ph.D. in Spanish literature and currently is raising two young children.*

centric mind. In early Christianity marriage was inferior to celibacy, and within marriage women were the flesh that tempted men away from the nobler reason and spirituality. In contrast, in the Talmudic period, where sexuality and marriage were valued as symbols of the reunion of the Jewish people with the land of Israel, the rabbis mitigated the circumstances of women in male-dominated marriage, and even provided them with indirect means of initiating divorce, as Judith Hauptman notes. Similarly Jane Dempsey Douglas argues that the Protestant valuation of marriage and sexuality as positive goods led to the elevation of the status of women.

Most of the essays raise questions for which there is no scholarly precedent, and many will become landmarks for further research. However if women's history includes three stages: 1) clarifying the image and role of women in the "major" (as androcentrically defined) documents and institutions of culture; 2) discovering women's experiences under patriarchal culture through the study of journals, diaries and other little-known sources; and 3) redefining the history of culture by reassessing the relation of social and institutional history or reevaluating the judgments implicit in such categories as heterodox and orthodox, etc., these essays fall almost entirely into the first phase. Teresa of Avila, the great Spanish mystic, is mentioned only in passing, while Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of the growing and prosperous "sect" Christian Science, is not mentioned at all. The "heretical" gnostic sects of the early Christian period and the left-wing sects of the Reformation are ignored, even though women often found greater freedom in these groups than among the orthodox. In many of the essays there is an absence of theoretical consideration of the problems inherent in the study of women and religion. Description and evaluation are often elided out of zeal to castigate offending sources or need to defend them against their irreligious (or other) detractors. These, however, are minor criticisms of a lucid, groundbreaking volume that will stimulate further research among historians of culture, religion and women's studies, even provoke some very lively controversy.

**Carol Christ**

*CAROL CHRIST teaches humanities and religion at Columbia University. She is working on a collection of essays on spiritual quest in modern women writers.*

# Kenneth Evett on architecture

## God and Mammon In Boston

Boston's Back Bay is currently the scene of a compelling architectural drama. At one corner of Copley Square two major monuments of 19th- and 20th-century American design are engaged in a conflict that is at once formal, symbolic and physical. I. M. Pei's John Hancock Tower has been sending down a lethal rain of dislocated plate glass windows upon its neighboring buildings. Among the victims, H. H. Richardson's dark-red and pale-pink stone Trinity Church not only receives the full visual thrust and looming presence of Pei's structure, it also has to be protected from that edifice by an emergency shield of steel scaffolding and heavy wire screen. Since its massive neighbor has appeared on the scene, Trinity has also developed a rift in its previously sound construction. At present Pei's towering creation is mainly boarded up, its original immaculate form of glass and steel is for the moment evocative of a gigantic piebald plywood-and-steel packing case. Eerily reminiscent of the boarded-over upper reaches of that other overweening architectural gesture, the cathedral of Beauvais, it is temporarily sealed off from public use, though there is a six million dollar plan to correct the faulty fenestration and eventually make the building functional. Until that is done, the John Hancock Tower will continue to emanate over Back Bay a formidable aura of disuse and disaster.

The visual confrontation between these two buildings was intensified by the recent renovation of Copley Square. When architects of the new square banished automobiles from the site and reclaimed the area for pedestrian use, they not only established a human scale and pattern of movement for the space, they also clarified the strong existing architectural framework of the square. Richardson's sturdy stone church and parish house on the east,

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the grand hotel bulk of the Copley-Plaza, with its curved facade presenting an ample belly to the square from the south, and the palatial Renaissance-style granite mass of the Boston Public Library on the west, all help to give the area a firm spatial definition. The Boylston Street boundary on the north is a mediocre fence of 19th- and 20th-century low-rise structures, while removal of the old S. S. Pierce building from the corner between the hotel and the library has left a great gaping hole that opens out toward a superhighway, the urban squalor of Roxbury and the barbarious hinterlands to the west of the hub of the universe.

The new square is a large-scale, horizontal bas-relief of concrete enclosures and ramps, tile pavement, surrounding banks of grass and rows of delicate trees, all organized along rectangular and diagonal patterns of slightly raised or lowered slopes and levels. Richardson's church is connected directly to the area by a horizontal platform that merges successfully with the diagonal levels of the plaza. Situated directly across the street from this handsome ensemble, seeming left out but aggressively determined to get into the act, sits I. M. Pei's colossal building.

A quintessential work of 20th-century architectural abstraction, Pei's structure is a piece of geometry that is vaguely suggestive of a math-class construction or, more likely, a small abstract scale model in white cardboard. The actual, full-size form in all of its implausible extent is located on a rectangular plot of ground (part of the prevailing grid system in that immediate area) and consists of a low-rise trapezoid conjoined with a high-rise parallelogram. These two forms share a common surface on three sides, including the entrance facade, which rises in one unbroken vertical plane from ground level to the top. The high-rise form is slotted on the two short sides and its mass moves on a diagonal axis across the ground-plan rectangle. With characteristic regard for site planning Pei has in this case lined up his forms to coincide with the vertical boundaries of surrounding structures, while the low-rise trapezoid is designed to echo the heights of adjacent buildings. This establishes a stable visual base for the tower, which then rises from its surroundings with a grand vertical thrust. While the diagonal planar movement of the tower sets up a lively commotion among the rectangular architectural spaces of Back Bay, it also collides visually against the right angle


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boundaries of Copley Square and Richardson's church. The resulting tension is not the only point of difference between the two structures.

Pei's building is a doctrinnaire realization of the contemporary cliché that "less is more." Employing every reductive device known to the modern academy, Pei's architects have designed the building to display as little range of texture, light, shade and color as possible. The only concessions to variety are four hemispheric plexiglas bubbles and a little rust-red trim at the entrance. Pei's building carries the concept of steel and glass skycraper construction beyond the level of real estate exploitation to the point of symbolic competitive advertising, and while his building pretends to be constructed of vast transparent sheets of glass, its generic geometric form bespeaks concrete sculptural density. Caught in that irreconcilable formal dichotomy, it is no wonder that this ironic architectural issue of the marriage between puritanic formalism and Yankee materialism now presents itself as an unworkable, menacing fantasy.

By contrast Trinity's time-darkened mass of stone, metal and wood stands as a functioning communal edifice that has survived a hundred Boston changes of seasons. Like the stone structures of Venice, it is built on made ground, its ponderous weight of carved rocks resting on some 40,000 wooden piles embedded in the marshy soil of Back Bay. A work of insouciant eclecticism, Trinity freely borrows from churches as remote as St. Trophime in Arles to the old cathedral of Salamanca, and while the process of transplanting 12th-century Romanesque models to 19th-century Boston may seem an act of plagiarism, Richardson's handsome articulation of volumes, voids, circulation, space and proportion are his own contribution. John La Farge's design for the interior of Trinity is a mish-mash of Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance styles projected in an opulent display of goldleaf ornament, mural paintings, abstract decoration, wood carving and sculpture. The total ensemble is radiantly beautiful. Forced into it, as it were, by the transformation of Copley Square and the shouldering juxtaposition of the John Hancock Tower, Richardson's church is now set up as an imperiled jewel of American architecture and Pei's structure can be seen as a dead-end realization of the dehumanizing, energy-consuming, American skyscraper cage.

Other temples to God and Mammon loom up in Back Bay. In the camp of the righteous are a handful of 19th-century churches, all derived from medieval European models, with their complex masses and lively contours defined by stones of ochre, deep red or dark purple, now blackened with the patina of a century of air pollution. Although these structures have a powerful visual effect on the area, their present social impact seems less potent. On Sunday mornings they are predominately inhabited by civil old folks, and emanate a familiar air of narrow Protestant religiosity that seems incongruent with their fine spaces and rich decoration. The Church of the Covenant contains a grand glittering Tiffany lantern of gold leaf angels, lights and jewel-like opalescent and transparent glass, while the nave and transept are ornamented with Tiffany windows that vary in quality from the silliest to the most distinctive native works in that medium. Old South Church on the northwest corner of Copley Square is admirable inside and out, and there are other interesting structures, including Richardson's First Baptist Church, in the area. Presumably joining forces with these 19th-century godly edifices are two 20th-century creations designed by eminent modern architects for Boston's two indigenous religious sects. Both are highly idiosyncratic, not to say egocentric, both carry architectural preoccupations to the point of obsession, and both take advantage of the earnest provincialism that still prevails in Boston. Where else would well-meaning Christians put up with a concept like Paul Rudolph's Unitarian church, with its pretentious agglomeration of structure, spaces, substances and color, without a whimper? And where else could one find a worldly, high-style design like I. M. Pei's Christian Science Center, with its *circo massimo* scale, magnificent pool, massive concrete forms, and sumptuous details all put to the service of modest church functions like clerical work and Sunday school?

Another Back Bay monument to Mammon and the insurance business, the Prudential complex, contends with the John Hancock Tower for high-rise public relations appeal. This American vision of the heavenly city consists of a mammoth parking garage that serves as a visual platform podium for two skyscraper apartment buildings and a taller office building. The latter manages to look like every anonymous modern structure anywhere on earth and the world's highest airport tower at the same time. At the Boylston Street level, on axis with the tower and flanked by a symmetrical grand staircase, is an elevated, muscle-bound male bronze figure (pure establishment art circa 1934) evidently goosed into flight, his left hand ambiguously raised to the empty heavens. This Babylonian ensemble of plazas, pools, fountains and outsize shops is 100 percent middle-

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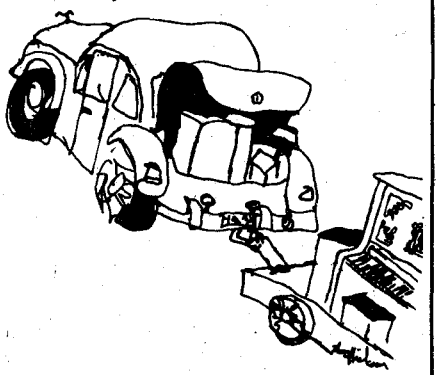

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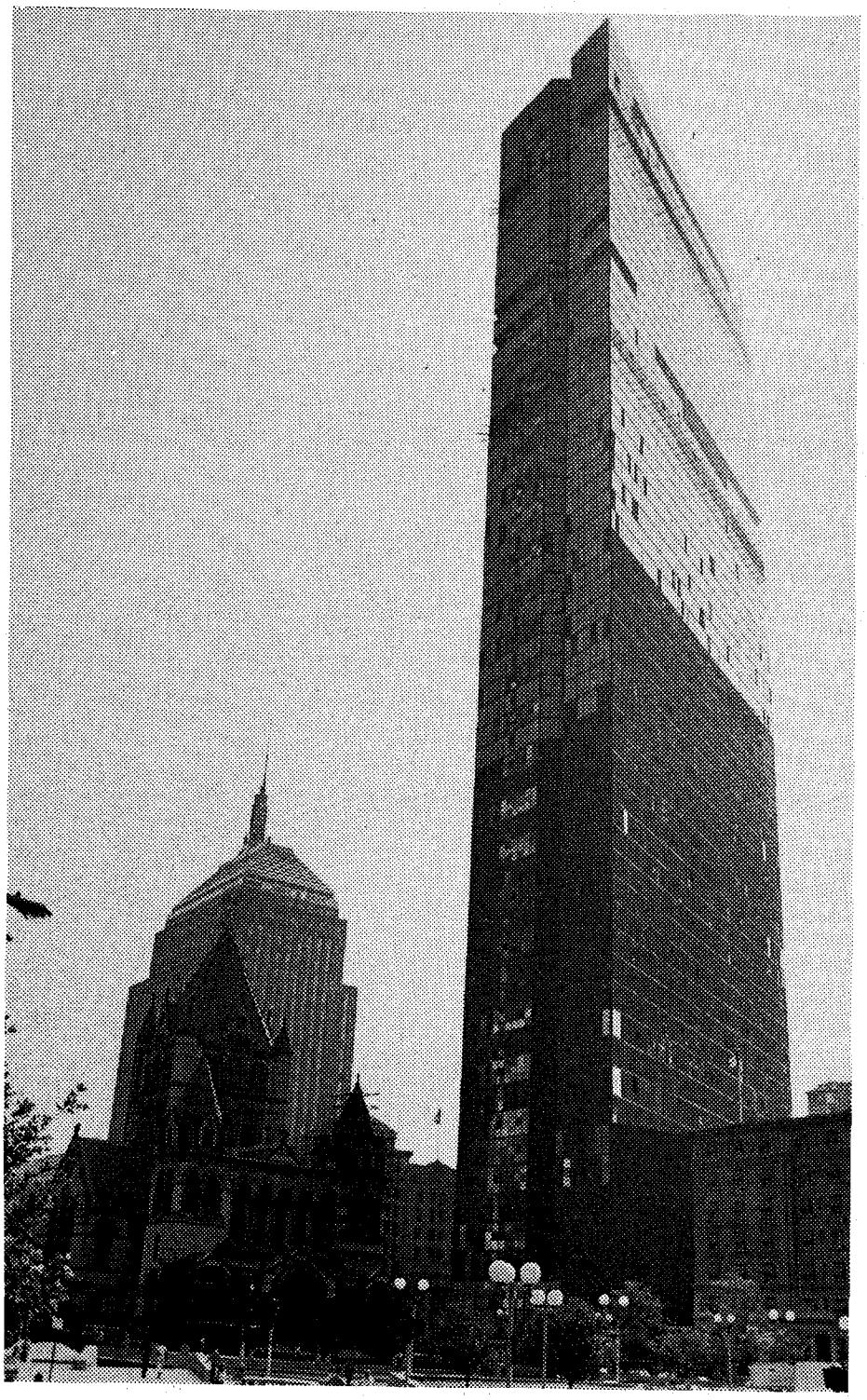
American square and is conveniently connected by large corridors of unwashed glass to a high-rise motel that employs every abomination of that genre—canned sounds, canned decor, canned food and canned sociability. All this is a comedown for the capital city of the one state in the union that didn't vote for Richard Nixon and that contains within its borders the noble 18th-century homes of Beacon Hill, the masterfully inventive row houses of Commonwealth Avenue and the churches of H. H. Richardson.

As a species the energy-dependent American skyscraper is about as vulnerable as that other status-symbol, fuel-devouring dinosaur—the fat Detroit automobile. Both should be put on the endangered list. But long before the prophetic abysses opened up by the fuel shortage revealed the need for architectural change, it was evident that both the messianic and constructive forces of modern architecture were running out of gas. As the movement has grown in a cyclic progression from revolutionary inception to world dominance, it has now reached a state of establishment rigidity and predictability. If, as many young architects now baldly state, "modern architecture is dead," where does the ancient art go from here? It is my guess that while one branch of the profession will move toward even greater dependence on technology, the exploitation of new sources of power, computer graphics, systematized global architectural combines and other Orwellian horrors, another wing will be moving toward an architecture that is sensitive to local social needs and humanist values. The greatest pressures and opportunities for architectural change of this sort will come from the demand for intelligent use and conservation of world resources, the drive for racial equality (with the challenging concomitant problems of inner-city planning and building), and the determination of the younger generation to maintain their humanity. All these forces implicitly call for a return to architectural fundamentals of social purpose, human function and scale, responsible craftmanship and regard for materials.



Robert Sweet

Although the formal manifestations of such a development will emerge according to unforseeable and mysterious processes of esthetic change, I doubt they will be governed by minimalist formulas or abstract concepts derived from Cubism by way of Le Corbusier. The revived interest in crafts and carpentry, the current theoretic attention to barridas, shanty towns, and vernacular structures, and the development of transient architectural space definitions for festivals and art events all suggest that immediate form-making and control of substances will be part of the new esthetic. With widespread renewal of interest in the 19th century, one can predict that the new architecture will be stylistically eclectic and free of the dogmatic restraints that have prevailed for the past 30 years. In this light, the conjunction of old and new at one corner of Copley Square is a historic event. While Pei's stylish tower seems to put a final period on one phase of architectural development, Richardson's church may well represent the wave of the future.

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Kenneth Evett *is the chairman of the department of art at Cornell University.*

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# Fine Print

*Waiting for Godine*

## Doris Grumbach

Last week in New York, at the Madison Avenue Light Gallery, Arnold Newman's splendid photographs were on exhibit, coinciding with the publication of his book, **One Mind's Eye,** issued from David R. Godine's press.

You have read before in these pages a number of encomia to the work of the small Boston press that young Godine heads. At the publishing party for the book I talked to Godine about his work, about how it happens that a press that emphasizes quality printing and typography is still "making it." His responses: 12 young persons (the average age well under 30 and the oldest of them 32) work for him. They all appear as "The Associates of the Godine Press" in a photograph on the back of their fall books catalog, which is in itself a work of art. Godine said that this, their fifth year, will be crucial. Their list for the fall and winter is by far their most extensive; the Newman book, the most costly and ambitious, is their major fall book.

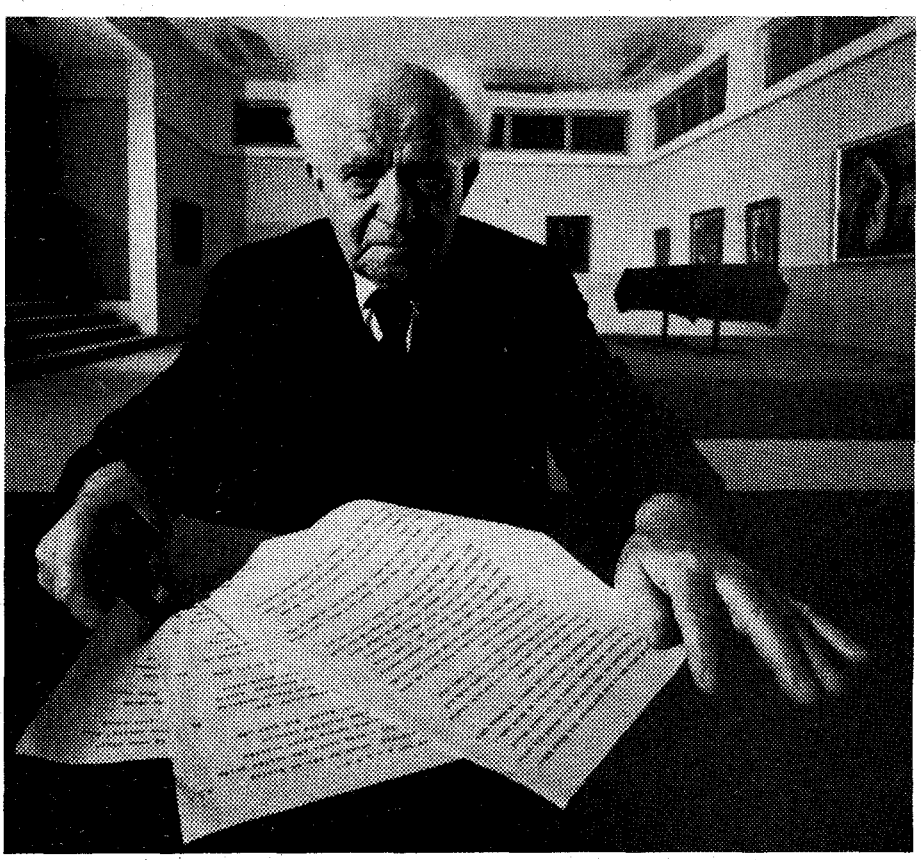
Godine says he hires no full-time sales staff, but uses representatives who handle other quality publishers to handle his books. He keeps expenses to a minimum. There are no "beautiful, sexy secretaries" at the lovely old building at 306 Dartmouth Street that houses his operation, and everyone types their own letters. "The closest to a secretary is one associate who does do some of our correspondence, but she knows German well, so she's going over to Frankfurt with me for the Fair."

Without an elaborate overhead—the highest salary he pays is about $11,000, and he takes far less than that for himself—and very few employees, everyone doubles at everything. Cohesion of effort is part of the success of the books that bear the Godine imprint—those at the party for the Newman book seemed to be deeply involved and took great pride in the product. There was no publicist (they have none) in evidence to "push" the book, only Godine himself who says they have no publicity people at all. He looks so young that when he goes anywhere to represent his company he is always asked: "Where's your father?" A Dartmouth graduate who studied book design, the art of the printed book and history of prints under the by-now-legendary Prof. Ray Nash, he must be one of the few publishers whose forte is fine book production rather than subsidiary rights, sales, publicity or overall editorial matters.

*One Mind's Eye* is the first comprehensive collection of Arnold Newman's work. To look at the 192 full-tone reproductions carefully is to realize how many of Newman's portraits have become the way we remember his subjects permanently. I think especially of his photograph of Picasso (1956), of the youngish Lyndon Johnson in 1953, of Adlai Stevenson in the chambers of the UN in 1962. No one needs to be reminded that Newman's great strength (besides the technical excellence of every print) is his ability to understand the whole milieu of notable persons' life and work, to place them in a meaningful visual relationship to it.

The book claims to be a presentation of "a comprehensive and unique iconography of the arts and letters of the 20th century." It is just that. It provides us, as onlookers, with the literary image of a political figure, an artist, a writer, so that in our mind's eye a permanent view is then formed, indeed a feat for photography. I salute Newman's lifelong accomplishment—he started his career in 1938—which this volume records. High-priced—$27.50—it seems to me well worth it.

It is a unique pleasure to hold a book in one's hand in which one can take tactile and visual pleasure. I hope fervently that Godine will flourish, without getting big (*Small is Beautiful* was E. C. Shumacher's title, and it applies well to Godine), and that his way with books and publishing will spread apostolically to other young entrepreneurs.



David Ben Gurion, Tel Aviv, 1967 *Arnold Newman*

No more dedicated **publicists** exist than those who work **for university presses.** More often than not they find themselves having to promote books for which there is no great demand nor is there likely to be, except from the small scholarly community. They operate in isolation at a university at a distance

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from New York-based publishing.

Last week representatives of 38 university presses gathered in New York City to talk about their mutual problems and to plan to pool their resources. They talked about the differences represented by their locations. More than commercial publishers and because of their regional nature, their problems tend to be closer to others in their geographical area. University presses differ in size, in kinds of lists (often the university's academic strengths are represented on its list), and of course in financial stability. Some receive large subsidies from their universities; some very difficult for the ordinary browser to tell the difference between these and the products of commercial houses.

Products of university presses often list them separately in their catalogs as "books of general interest," and it is very difficult for the ordinary browser to the tell the difference between these and the products of commercial houses.

Products of university presses often appear to be handled with greater care than are the ordinary commercial books. Certainly they provide books that stand up well in typography and illustrations beside the best of the small commercial houses like Godine. The two-day workshop in which the publicists participated was clear evidence of the presses' intention to stay in business despite severe financial pressures on many of them, to do their best to interest the general reading public in their books. Representatives of all the major review media came to the gathering to talk to the representatives about how they might serve the university presses, and be served by them in disseminating interest in their books.

The interested reader should note the recent remark by Howard Webber of MIT who quoted from a new survey that showed "scholarly presses attempting to publish more salable books while cutting back on those of limited and specialized appeal."

A review by RB of **The Vision of Thady Quinlan** by Michael M. McNamara (Crown; $5.95). Shure, 'tis a returrn to mither Ireland: land, state of mind, condition, affection, affliction, body and soul, which Irishmen of poetic nature experience at least once in manhood. So Thady Quinlan, formerly a son of Eire, now an American citizen, risen from the streets of Limerick to a university professor's seat, reappears within his family to attend his hated father's funeral. The cast is crowded with vivid stereotypes which, despite their traditionalism, lament, roister, love and battle with extraordinary luminosity. Thady's bereaved mother, his adoring sister, hostile brother, pub-loving and day-dreaming friend, all emerge with such clarity and credibility that the reader is absolutely involved in the pull between Thady's tropismic reactions to his forbears and his cerebral spinning back to independence.

There are many bright vignettes of the Irish countryside, of customs still unchanged, of religious atavisms, of family patterns, of social walls, of human sweat and sweetness. This is McNamara's first novel, written with rhythmic, pure melody, reminiscent of the young James Joyce, Dylan Thomas and Brendan Behan.

Also from RB: **The Queen** by Martin Cooper (Prentice-Hall; $7.95) possesses merchandizable characteristics. The subject, women's liberation, is contemporary. The protagonist is a beautiful, successful young woman; her major rivals are a half-crazed former "queen" of the feminists and a fanatical bigot who frames Judith Harrison on a fornication charge in his rigidly controlled town of Hartley. Judith Harrison, née Judith Whorawitz, has reached the top of the women's liberation movement and TV talk shows the hard way. She has balked at nothing to achieve this national recognition. As the novel opens she has arrived at the small enclave named Hartley for a scheduled appearance on tour. The ensuing incredible accusation that she faces there, her trials and ultimate end, fascinate all American peepers, the media, lovers and enemies. The story is full of sound and flurry combining literary skill with cultural schlock. There is enough sex, civil rights, corruption, romance, lesbianism, marriage shards, and other ready-mix ingredients to bake a pyramidal fiction. Any resemblance to living persons may, also, not be accidental.

Cooper has written a previous novel, *The King*, whose male character, like Judith, clawed his way to success in the field of entertainment. Many critics praised it for its *verismo*, imagination and economy of prose. These qualities are also true of *The Queen*. It whelms the reader.

**Coming In Fine Print**
Reviews of books on costume

## Kauffmann *from page 18*

that? That adolescents should not be adolescents? Or, if they insist on being young and inexperienced, that they ought to be bright?

The epigraph is typical of the film's misconceptions.

A small horror is upon us about which I hesitate to write because it's already been labeled controversial, and I dislike abetting the controversy. But I guess that some comment is required. *The Night Porter* is about another private world of love under Nazi rule, with the added fillip that that world is revived in 1957. Dirk Bogarde is the porter—a smooth concierge, really—in a swank Viennese hotel at the later date. An opera conductor arrives with his young wife and, via a shower of fragmented flashbacks, we learn that Bogarde was a brutal SS officer who imprisoned and diversely violated the wife when she was about 14—and that she apparently loved it! The husband has to leave Vienna; she and Bogarde resume their sadomasochistic affair. They are doomed by a small cabal of former Nazis because Bogarde won't let her be killed (the cabal is eliminating witnesses). So Bogarde *and* the girl are, at long last, wiped out.

The point seems to be that a pair of kinky lovers have a right to happiness under any political system, so long as their hearts and whips are in the right place. The picture moves from the creaky to the ludicrous in pretty short order—yet not ludicrous enough to keep it from being boring.

It was written by Liliana Cavani (with Italo Moscati), and she directed. She is apparently humorless and, in a basic sense, stupid. Only a humorless person could so often cross over into the ridiculous; only a stupid one could believe that all this sexual-homicidal blatancy was symbolically illuminating. And Cavani has dubbed a mixed supporting cast of French and Italian actors into English quite crudely.

The two leads are English. Bogarde does his best, but why he should have bothered is a mystery. Another mystery is the (reported) European success of Charlotte Rampling, the girl-woman; as in the other picture I've seen her in, she seems a very, very dim carbon copy of Glenda Jackson. Those are the only two mysteries in this otherwise unambiguous junk.

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